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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P., CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.





The famous author of "Yeast" had a heart open as day to the sufferings of the poor, and his sympathy with the agricultural labourer was profound. No man living, probably, had studied the land question more thoroughly; but it is worth remembering, now that the imagination of some men is excited by the Utopia of three acres and a cow, that Kingsley had no faith in peasant proprietors. A man might live, he said, as comfortably as an average day labourer on four acres; but then, he must have at least a capital of £40, with a house and barn, &c., to start with; he must have great physical strength, and also be a practical agriculturist and stock-raiser; and he adds his conviction that the immediate results of breaking up the present farms into little allotments would be to reduce the food-producing power of the realm at least one half. The misery felt by small proprietors in France and Italy, who are supposed to live on the land they own, should be known to the discontented labourers at home who wish to be their own masters.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,  
Is a pretty poetical fiction, which will not bear examination.

The worst of what are called the "labour riots" is that the misconduct of a few villains may seriously damage the cause of deserving thousands. There is only too general an inclination to believe what will save oneself from taking any trouble about one's neighbour; it is a great relief to find that he is an idle, drunken, thieving scoundrel, whom you may leave with an easy conscience to be dealt with by the strong hand of the law, to be kept quiet by main force; and yet all the while there are thousands of your neighbours who are quite as honest as you are yourself, whose only crime is want of employment, who would no more rob you than you them, and who, nevertheless, are starving; or, to use the novelists' favourite word, "clemming." Yet these poor sheep are to be discredited by having thrust upon them the undesired and even repudiated comradeship of wild goats.

We frequently hear, nowadays, of a gentleman having "assisted" at a wedding without having officiated either as clergyman or groomsmen, and of another having delivered "conferences" in churches and lecture-rooms, where anyone attempting to confer with him would have been ejected by the police. These annoying Gallicisms, however, are not so etymologically nonsensical as the growing use of the term "nepotism," in the sense of an injudicious bestowal of patronage. If certain newspaper paragraphs could be construed literally, the late Lord Chancellor, a second Abdon the Pirathonite, would have put eighteen nephews and grandsons into the commission of the peace: five at Chester and four at Macclesfield, where the family would accordingly seem to be numerous.

The especial difficulty which foreigners seem to experience in writing or printing our language correctly, is a constant subject of surprise to Englishmen. We have now before us the regulations for an international fencing-match at Turin, in Italian, French, English, and German. The Italian, French, and German versions are perfectly correct in diction; but in the English, although there are no very ludicrous mistakes, we continually encounter such slips as, "The jury shall have it printed and distributed to his members. To attend the fencing-match, and partake of it. Disqualified fencers may pretend nothing. The jury shall most severely take into consideration the politeness of manners."

One of the most portentous errors arising from ignorance of English is pointed out by Rüppell, the Abyssinian traveller, who observes that the Abyssinians have been stated to resort to cremation in the disposal of their dead, because the French translator of an English book was unable to distinguish between burning and burying! But Rüppell himself is not immaculate; for, in denouncing the mistake, he spells *bury* with two *r*'s; and, in another part of his work, he makes the English traveller Pearce assert that "the banks of the Shooda are covered with *onions*, peaches, and other garden fruits"—meaning *vines*.

Mr. Astor, late United States Minister at Rome, has produced a romance on the inexhaustible subject of the crimes of the Borgias, the materials for which are said to have been derived, to some extent, from documents in the Italian archives. We cannot tell how far this may be the case: but we certainly should like to know in what document Mr. Astor has discovered that Pope Alexander VI. was in the habit of partaking of chocolate seventeen years before the conquest of Mexico (p. 50); or that he anticipated Sir Walter Raleigh by nearly a century in taking snuff. A Pope could not have been so much before his age.

The point of the leading contribution to the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* turns upon the interpretation to be put upon what two thousand years hence will be an ancient inscription, variously read and interpreted by the archaeologists of that still distant epoch, as 90 M [from London], or G. O. M. [Gladstonio Optimo Maximo]. The joke is excellent, but not quite new. To say nothing of the tale of the Spanish merchant and the 203 monkeys, in the days of the Oxford Tracts it was related that a lady in the country, having written to her bookseller to send her Tract No. 90, that everybody was talking about, was answered that, after using every diligence, he had been unable to learn anything about the tract entitled *No go!*

At the close of last week two men passed away, one of them still in the vigour of life and the other in its prime, whose work, in different ways, has left a marked impression on the present generation. Dr. Tulloch, Principal of St. Andrew's University, a large-minded and thoughtful theologian, an eloquent preacher, and a man who preferred worth to party, was also a masterly author, whose books on English Puritanism, on the theology of the seventeenth century, and on the leaders of the Reformation will not readily be forgotten. His personal influence was great, and his winning manners attracted everyone with whom he was brought into contact. And who is there, whether young or old, who will not regret the loss of Mr. Randolph Caldecott, whose charming humour as an artist has been at once the delight of the drawing-room and of the nursery? His popularity for the last ten years has been unbounded, and now we can but glance over his picture-books with the wish that the inimitable draughtsman had had more time for the exercise of his genius. Alas! that art should be so long and life so short!

"Theosopho, a minister of the Holies, and Ellora, a seeress of the Sanctuary," inform us, in their recently-published "Palingenesia," that the time will arrive when "man will be enabled to live with great comfort at the bottom of the sea," and "the cultivation of the ocean bed will be a matter of ease and profit." If so, the inquiry of "the man of the wilderness," in the nursery rhyme, "How many strawberries grow in the sea?" will no more be answered by "As many red herrings as grow in the wood": unless, indeed, the cultivation of red herrings should have undergone a corresponding development. In this happy but distant age, the earth's axis will be restored to its original perpendicularity; the great meridian will pass through the Pyramid of Egypt; everybody who publishes anything disapproved of by Theosopho and Ellora will go to prison; and the Post Office will charge itself with "clairvoyant, clairaudient, and interplanetary communications."

Our hard-worked Speaker of the House of Commons is saved at least one difficult function which is said to have come to be regarded as belonging to his equally hardworked but not equally well paid brother in trouble, the President of the French Chamber. The latter, when one Deputy remarks, with proverbial French politeness, to another: "Vous en avez menti," is expected to act as conciliator in the "affair of honour" which is sure to follow "after school"—that is, after the Chamber breaks up; but the former, when one M.P. addresses another in what is the English for "Vous en avez menti," armed with authority and supported by the whole House promptly calls upon the employer of such language to "withdraw the expression" at once. This the offender, of course, does—"with pleasure," and perhaps with a broad grin; for, when you have said what you meant, the mere withdrawal of the terms in which you said it cannot alter the fact. It is a pity the French will not do as we do: their duelling only brings an additional burden upon their poor President of the Chamber, who not only has to call the employer of too strong language to order at the time, but afterwards has to give up a considerable portion of his little leisure to prevent bloodshed by proving that "vous en avez menti," taken in a "Parliamentary sense," though it be an expression that no gentleman should use, is, at the same time, an expression which cannot reflect upon any other gentleman's truthfulness.

The full blessings of State Socialism are not, perhaps, yet defined by politicians of the day. In France, they are taking one or two tentative steps in the direction; and the world at large awaits the result of the experiment. The first, perhaps the only, thoroughly practical result at present recognisable is the verdict solemnly given by a *savant* appointed to investigate the question of the "turning-point" of eggs—a question of the highest importance to every housekeeper. In France the shopkeepers do not indulge in those delicate refinements of "fresh eggs," "breakfast eggs," "new-laid eggs," &c., which so disturb the inexperienced English matron. But there has been a growing outcry against the quality of the eggs sold in the Paris markets, and a Commission was appointed to decide at what point eggs became dangerous to health. Dr. Chatin, the reporter, seems to doubt whether eggs ever reach a point when the municipal authorities have a right to destroy them. At a late stage, the yellow can be employed by bakers to *dorer* their loaves; whilst the white is used by the carriers and French-polishers in their trades. Even after the yolk and the white become mixed, they are still useful to pastry-cooks. When, moreover, eggs have reached a point that for these purposes they are unsuitable, there still remains the "electoral period," during which, in the form of missiles directed against unpopular candidates, their uses must not be overlooked.

In days of severe distress like the present, it is natural, if not exactly reasonable, that those who suffer most should expect the State to do for them what they cannot do for themselves. It is the old argument repeated again and again at such periods, and its folly is not likely to be seen by starving men. What they do see with startling clearness is that vast numbers of people have money to spend on luxuries, while they have none to spend on bread—a fact which affects the personal responsibility of private citizens. But charity is the most difficult of virtues—we had almost said the most dangerous. If it merely tends to pauperise, the harm done is incalculable. What is wanted so much in England is, greater sympathy of class with class; but the charity that makes men more dependent only widens the gulf between rich and poor, a gulf made broader and deeper still by the wild statements of reckless agitators. Times of trade depression have occurred frequently in our history, but they have never yet been relieved by lawlessness, and, we may say confidently, never will.

Prince Torlonia, whose death, at Rome, was recently announced, was perhaps, next to the Pope himself, the most interesting personage in the Holy City, where his bountiful charities will be sorely missed. Prince Alexander Torlonia, by his marriage and family connections and his enormous wealth, had reached the summit of earthly ambition; and was accepted as a colleague by the most exclusive of the Roman families, and as a trusted friend by successive Popes. The use he made of his fortune was limited to no special objects. He built theatres as well as churches; endowed hospitals and schools; established free dispensaries, and set on foot, at his numerous palaces and properties, works for the benefit of the poor. At his own cost—upwards of four millions sterling—he drained the Lake Fucino, and converted a hotbed of miasma and fever into thirty thousand acres of productive land. In recognition of this great public work, King Victor Emanuel, in 1875, conferred upon Torlonia—together with a commemorative gold medal—the title of Principe di Fucino, which, at the instance of Pope Pius IX., he accepted. Since the illness of his wife, the magnificent hospitalities with which Torlonia used to entertain, have been abandoned, and he himself gave up wearing the magnificent costumes of a Roman prince, in which, at his *fêtes*, he used to appear in the rooms of his palace; and often may the bent and broken old man have been seen, in a well-worn coat and shabby hat, on his way to the Villa Albani, in a one-horse carriage, driven by a little Calabrian coachman.

There is a great deal in a name, as advertisers would bear witness; and there is more in a title—more, that is, of a misleading character. Early in this month died a certain Comte de Saint-Vallier, formerly French Ambassador at Berlin; and straightway a commemorative journalist writes a long article about the deceased, and heads it "A Descendant of Diane de Poitiers." This was sure to attract attention; for, somehow, beautiful women who omit the ceremony of marriage (with a King, though they may have previously insisted upon it with a noble) are always more interesting than their equally beautiful but less unconventional sisters. It now turns out, according to an indisputable authority, that the late Comte de Saint-Vallier was only so far connected with the fair Diane de Poitiers that one of his ancestors purchased from her, in 1560, the lands of Chevières and Saint-Vallier; so that there was really little more in common between the two families than between Macedon and Monmouth, or between the late Lord Halifax (Wood) and the more historic Lord Halifax (Savile). So merrily in this life goes on the game of tanglement and disentanglement, mistake and correction. And the best of it is that they who read, mark, learn, and treasure up the mistake may not so much as see the correction. Which is all the better for trade.

The severe weather in the North is likely to act most prejudicially upon the prospects of sport for the season of 1886. In Yorkshire the grouse seem to have migrated in hundreds and thousands to the low ground and to arable country, where they have met with very inhospitable treatment, many of them having put in a very lean appearance in the cottagers' homely pot. In Scotland the deer have, of course, to be fed through the hard weather, but as a rule the grouse are able to take care of themselves. Usually, there comes a storm of wind, which blows one side of the hill clear of snow; but, failing that, grouse often burrow like rabbits under the snow to the heather which lies beneath. This year they have been checkmated. Snow came, then a thaw, followed by a frost, and the wind could not remove the frozen snow, nor could the birds burrow through it. Still, moors are reported to be going well in the market, though at lower rentals than formerly.

How far the autobiography of Mlle. Louise Michel may be accepted as an authentic story of her life must be left in obscurity; for it is next to impossible for anyone who has reached to mature years to see even the commonest events of childhood and youth otherwise than distorted by the passion and development of life. Be that as it may, we may, perhaps, accept with slight reservations some of Mlle. Michel's account of her earlier tastes and occupations. When quite a young child, her favourite retreat was in an old ruined tower, where she expended, apparently, a good deal of unrequited affection upon an old owl and a colony of bats. When, however, she goes on to tell us that amongst her guests she included a tortoise, a roe-deer, a wild boar, a wolf, and young family of leverets, which she brought up by hand, we feel that we require some more details as to the way in which she established a good understanding amongst the members of her happy family, which she did not succeed in imposing on her colleagues in the Commune. If we may gather any light from her subsequent relations with her playmates, a certain stern decision must have been exercised. According to her own account, her favourite amusements were to represent the burning of John Huss and other martyrs who went to meet their fate with songs on their tongues. At other times she and her friends would rehearse the tragedy of 1793; and amuse themselves, after fighting on barricades, by ending their sufferings on the scaffold, to the cry of "Vive la République!" Not a very engaging child!

If a story which comes from Ireland be true, then impoverished landlords need have no further cause for complaint, and "moonlighters" will yet come to be accounted as a genial, jovial class of Hibernian gentry. It is reported that an officer living near Tralee, was visited by a gang of the marauders; but that he received them with that hospitality which Charles Lever has instructed us is the chief characteristic of the Irish squireen. He was not a bit afraid, nor did he threaten his visitors. On the contrary, he invited them to just step inside; and he provided them with whisky and food, and he played cards with them and won all the money they had to lose. It is said that, with the usual sentiment of gamblers, they were not satisfied with the first loss; but returned night after night for their revenge, hoping to get their losses back. In the meantime, the hospitable sportsman declares that moonlighters pay better than tenants.



Many are the nuisances of life. Some men's souls are heavy by reason of the barrel-organ; one takes up his parable against German bands, another against street-criers—comparing them to Pandemonium. But, surely, the "circular" is worst of all, though it makes no noise. There is nothing delusive about the barrel-organ, or the German band, or the street-cry; they may be torture, but they are not treacherous; and in each case there is somebody to be got at, if the worm be inclined to turn, and even to exact summary vengeance, at the risk of retaliation in kind and a possible fine of forty shillings in addition. But it is different with the insidious "circular," which probably reaches you in the semblance of the letter you have been anxiously awaiting, or of the despatch which makes your heart leap with expectation of hope fulfilled, or of the missive which has an official or an aristocratic appearance and causes you to think that patient merit has at length attracted notice in high places, and that you are about to "hear (or read) of something to your advantage." Hence, it is impossible not to sympathise deeply with a gentleman who complains bitterly in public print of circulars sent to him in London and forwarded to him thence into foreign countries; one circular being inclosed in an envelope with a coronet on the outside and another with just a monogram on the cover; one containing the "list" of certain wine-merchants, and the other the "prices" of a certain tobaccoist—with "tenpence postage to pay." As for the wine-merchants with the "coronet," many of us must know them; and the least they could do would be to put your right Christian name, and so spare you the agony of doubting whether a "coroneted" communication can really be intended for your humble self, before you open it gingerly and—"behold! it is all a dream." The worst of it is that you cannot get at the sender of the heart-breaking circular whilst your indignation is still hot within you, and your revolver—or whatever may be the weapon with which you are in the habit of avenging your injuries instantaneously—is within reach. And to think that these circulars, or many of them, if there be truth in what is said, are "addressed" by means of the "directories" at the scholarly British Museum! One would think that the authorities might at least stop that.

It would be as well if "prohibitionists" followed carefully the results of the attempted suppression of the liquor traffic in the United States. The experience of some years cannot afford to be discarded, and it ought not to be difficult to get trustworthy statistics for large areas, as well as for the more limited ones with which we have at present to content ourselves. The State of Maine stands foremost amongst the States where a prohibitory liquor law exists, and it has been followed by Iowa and Kansas. In the course of last year, according to the latest returns, out of 3395 persons, the total number committed to jail, 188 were sentenced for selling liquors, and 1761 for drunkenness—a very appreciable increase, in both cases, over the previous year's return. In Iowa, it is admitted that, whilst in villages and small towns the prohibitory system works fairly well, a large amount of "sly drinking" goes on, and there is a marked increase of "saloons" in neighbourhoods where formerly none existed. In large towns and cities, the uniform report is that more liquor is sold, and more men get drunk, under prohibition than under the license system. In the larger towns of Kansas it is asserted that the law is a farce, inasmuch as a druggist may sell liquor to anybody on the customer's own certificate that he needs it "for medical purposes." In Illinois, where a high license law, but no prohibition prevails, a marked decrease in drunkenness, even in large cities like Chicago, is observable. In 1882, before the law passed, there were 3919 saloons, now there are only 3075, although the population has increased by one fifth. The State Treasury has also profited by the change, for last year it received 1,721,474 dols. from the smaller number of saloons, as compared with 195,490 dols. from the larger. A tax of 500 dols. per annum on each "grog-shop" not only reduces the opportunities for drinking, but relieves more necessary commodities of heavy burdens.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has gained his laurels as a sensational novelist of the highest order. He is a master of plot, which some American and French novelists affect to despise, and he can justly boast of being able to command the breathless attention of his readers from the first page to the last in such tales as "The Woman in White" and "The Queen of Hearts." The opinion of a romance writer of this class that Sir Walter Scott is "the greatest genius that has ever written novels," is one that well deserves to be regarded. We have no doubt that Mr. Collins is right, and it is interesting to remember that a similar judgment was held by Hawthorne, the greatest of American novelists, and by Goethe, the greatest of German poets. It seems to us that there can be no romance writer of the highest order who is not at the same time a humourist and a poet. We find the humour abundantly in Fielding and in Jane Austen, but in neither of these great writers is there the spirit of poetry. That is Scott's crowning glory. Every chapter of his immortal works bears upon it the sign manual of the poet.

A French critic of Lord Beaconsfield's letters, recently published, adds an anecdote of his own, which, at least, deserves citing. Someone was discoursing in his presence on the obstinacy of woman. "Yes," interposed Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, "take the example of my wife. I had all the difficulty in the world to induce her to range herself among the women of thirty; at length she consented, but no power on earth can, after an interval of twenty years, induce her to loosen the connection."

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Antoinette Rigaud" at the St. James's Theatre was a pleasant surprise. At the outset few believed in the chances of its success, notwithstanding the fact that it was to be arranged for the stage by Mr. Hare and acted by the Kendals. Originally produced at the Théâtre Français, and played by what we should call the No. 2 company of the famous Comédie Française, poor "Antoinette Rigaud" made no particular stir in Paris. Indeed, the subscribers to the national theatre resented what they considered the implied insult of the style of work that might have suited the Vaudeville or the Gymnase. Truth to tell, there is not much food for thought in the simple narrative of M. Raymond Deslandes. The characterisation is of the simplest kind. Subtlety is wholly absent from the composition. It is merely a short story admirably told, without preamble or deduction. It starts without preparation, and ends with no moral lesson. An absolutely innocent woman is accidentally compromised, and, as the spectator is shown with what comparative ease this can be done, he is worked up into the same kind of temporary excitement that is produced from reading a railway novel. There are plays that linger in the memory after the theatre has been left. This is not one of them. No scene, no character, no situation impresses itself permanently on the mind. At the theatre, it is all very interesting; but the effect is evanescent. But, clever as the play is of its kind, vigorous as it is in arrangement, remarkable as is the progress of wholly familiar episodes, it is not likely that "Antoinette Rigaud" would have obtained the same kind of success that it did had not the acting been so complete, full, and admirable. As the heroine of this swift and scanty story, Mrs. Kendal has a character in every way suited to her style. She travels from the gayest of comedy to the severest of drama with the greatest ease. Fun and tragedy are easily at her command. At one moment a fashionable woman of the world, winning the confidence of her girlhood's companion and schoolfellow; at another, transfixed with horror that a moment's indiscretion has compromised her friend and ruined the reputation of her favourite brother. Mrs. Kendal is eminently sympathetic to her audience. She has them in her grasp. The magnetism between her and them is quickly established. When she laughs, the merriment is infectious; when she pleads, she touches the heart. In a word, she is an artist to the tips of her fingers, and is able, in this play, to strike every chord in her artistic range. The scene with Miss Linda Dietz, in the first act, where Antoinette extracts the girl's love confession, is as pretty as the later passages of the play are vivid and dramatic. Thoroughly genuine was the despair of the wretched woman who has done so much innocent mischief when she throws herself wholly on the confidence of an old friend, who is alone able to get her out of her scrape. The relief of an unburdened soul was as finely expressed as the prior humiliation. Mrs. Kendal is what is known in the profession as "a first-rate first-night actress." She plays even better on a first night than any other; and she surpassed herself, on Saturday, when she had to come from a sick bed to attend to her duties at the theatre. Mr. Kendal seemed relieved to be free for a moment from the part he has played so often—the heroine's husband. For once in a way, he was Mrs. Kendal's brother in a play; and the change was welcome, for many reasons. He was particularly happy in a scene of denunciation; and his acting contained real fire and expression. This was the scene in which M. Worms was so admirable. His wife, Madame Baretta, could not approach Mrs. Kendal as Antoinette Rigaud. Mr. Barnes played the rough, unsentimental, practical husband with fine skill. It was an unexceptionally good performance, and surprised everybody by its freshness and nature. No actor on the stage makes such a picturesque old officer as Mr. Hare. He has played the same kind of part dozen of times between the days of Prince Perovsky and now, but he is never the same. In this play, the old General is the pivot on which the whole plot depends; and he is, in Mr. Hare's hands, as firm as a rock. Add to these that graceful and charming actress, Linda Dietz, who enacts the ingénue, an actress in every way more natural than Mlle. Reichemberg, and you have a cast that cannot well be beaten. We have not seen such finished acting in London for many a long year, and it is not surprising to find that it meets with such genuine encouragement. We have now, at least, two theatres—the Lyceum for poetry, the St. James's for fashionable comedy and drama—that are worthy the best traditions of the English stage.

Too late for notice this week will be played "Engaged," at the Haymarket, and "Lord Harry, at the Princess's. I am glad to see that Mr. Gilbert discards the word "comedy," and calls his old play a "social burlesque." That is exactly what it is. It is a Bab Ballad in prose, and could only have occurred to Mr. Gilbert. Everyone knows who wrote "Lord Harry," and they shall hear more about it next week; at present I am afraid to mention the fact, for I hear I got into disgrace last week by mentioning one author before the other, or for implying that one did this, and the other didn't do the other, or something very dreadful. Nothing was further from my intention than to disparage anyone. I have no idea who ought to be put first or last. All I hope is that "Lord Harry" will be a good play, and do credit to the clever men who conceived it.

At the Grand Theatre, at Islington, Mrs. Henrietta Chantreau, a capable and intelligent actress, has appeared in a new American melodrama. The actress is better than the play, and it would be interesting to see her in something else by-and-by. Her accent is pronounced and her style refined.

There have been several benefits lately for sick and suffering little children. The best was organised by Miss Minnie Bell, at St. George's Hall, where she summoned to her assistance Wilson Barrett, W. Terriss, Mary Davies, Isidore De Lara, Haydon Coffin, clever Miss Hope Temple, and who shall say how many more? and wound up with a new operetta by G. B. Allen and Robert Reece. The sick children on Paddington-green will gain by the little present given to them by their kind friends. The Great Ormond-street sick children have not been forgotten by Miss Harriet Jay, who has appeared as Sappho, surrounded by pretty girls, in a version of the old legend by Dr. Lobb. Charming music has been given to the poem by Mr. Slaughter.

The new operetta at the Savoy, called "The Carp," is a somewhat feeble production. Why will not clever people believe that the humour of Gilbert cannot be imitated, and the music of Sullivan is a thing *per se*? To begin an evening with diluted Gilbert and milk-and-water Sullivan is surely a managerial mistake. Instead of emphasising the cleverness of the "great twin brethren," it strikes a note of amateurishness which the Savoy does not require. A Savoy dinner should start with an olive or an anchovy, not a glass of iced water. The palate wants a filip, not a chill. "The Carp" is beautifully mounted and cared for, but it is better suited to the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room than the Savoy stage.

C. S.

The Royal Cereolo Letterario Artistico Musicali Bellini, at Catania, have elected Mr. John Brinsmead and Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, of London, honorary members of the society.

## THE NEW BISHOPS.

The Right Rev. James Moorhouse, D.D., who was Bishop of Melbourne, Australia, from 1876, and is now Bishop of Manchester, was born at Sheffield, in 1826. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. (Sen. Op.) in 1853, M.A. in 1860, and D.D. in 1876. He was ordained deacon in 1853, and priest in 1854; and occupied the curacies of St. Neots, from 1853 to 1855; Sheffield, from 1855 to 1859; and Hornsey, from 1859 to 1861. His next preferment was to the vicarage of St. John's, Fitzroy-square. In 1867 he was presented to the vicarage of Paddington, and became Rural Dean. He was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1865; Warburtonian Lecturer in 1874; was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Prebendary in St. Paul's Cathedral. In May, 1876, he succeeded Dr. Perry as Bishop of Melbourne.

The Right Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, D.D., now Bishop of Ely, is a younger son of the second Marquis of Northampton, and brother of the present Marquis. He was born in 1825, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became Rector of Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire, in 1856, and an honorary Canon of Peterborough Cathedral; in 1874 he was appointed Rural Dean of Preston and Archdeacon of Oakham; he has been Dean of Worcester since 1879.

Our Portrait of Bishop Moorhouse is from a photograph by Johnstone, O'Shanassy, and Co., of Melbourne; and that of the Bishop of Ely, from one by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of Regent-street.

## THE LATE BISHOP HANNINGTON.

We learn with much regret, by a telegram from Zanzibar, that the rumour of the death of the English Church missionary Hannington, in Uganda, East Equatorial Africa, is confirmed. He was captured, by order of Mwanga, the native King of Uganda, while endeavouring to find a shorter route from Mombasa, on the sea-coast, to the Victoria Nyanza Lake. It is believed that he was put to death at the end of October. The Rev. Dr. James Hannington was a son of Mr. Samuel Hannington, of Brighton, and of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. He was educated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1873, and that of M.A. in 1875, in which year he became Curate of St. George's, Hurstpierpoint, and remained there until 1882. He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Exeter in 1874, and Priest in 1876 by the Bishop of Chichester. He was engaged by the Church Missionary Society as a missionary to Nyanza, East Central Africa, in 1882. In 1884 the diocese of East Equatorial Africa was formed, and Dr. Hannington was consecrated the first Bishop, with the charge of ten clergymen. It is some months since any direct news was obtained by the family from the Bishop himself; he has left a wife, who lives at Hurstpierpoint.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle.

## THE LATE MR. G. WILSON, SHEFFIELD.

The late chairman and managing director of Messrs. Cammell and Co.'s (Limited) Cyclops Steel and Iron Works, at Sheffield, who has died in the fifty-seventh year of his age, was a business man worthy of note. He was the son of Mr. Wilson, flax manufacturer, of Haughmill, Fifehire; was educated at the Sheffield Collegiate School, at the Madras College, St. Andrew's, and at Edinburgh University, where he gained high honours. In 1849, he joined Messrs. Cammell's establishment, showed great talent, and was intrusted with an important mission to extend the business of that firm in America, which he very speedily accomplished. On his return to England, he was promoted to a high position in that concern, and in 1879 was appointed managing director and chairman of the limited liability company formed on the death of Mr. Cammell. He initiated, in 1882, the bold course of removing the export steel-rail trade from the inland district to the sea-coast to meet the increasing competition of firms near the port of delivery, which were not handicapped by heavy railway rates. For this purpose, Mr. Wilson induced the shareholders to acquire the plant of the Dronfield Steel Works and the Derwent Iron Company, and to combine the two, at Workington, under the style of the Derwent Steel and Iron Works. That enterprise was adversely commented upon at the time, but his foresight and prescience have been abundantly vindicated. The works, from the small beginning in 1842, have now come to include the Cyclops Steel and Iron Works, Sheffield; the Guinesthorpe Ordnance, Tire, and Spring Works; the Yorkshire Steel Works, at Penistone; the Derwent Steel and Iron Works, at Workington; and the Old and New Oaks Collieries. The paid-up capital of the company amounts to one million and a half; and close upon 10,000 hands are employed. It was Mr. Wilson who introduced into the Navy his brother Alexander's invention for protecting guns by means of compound armour. He some time ago made an arrangement with the Russian Government for the manufacture of the armour-plates at Kolpino, near St. Petersburg, under Sheffield superintendence. His enterprise knew no bounds. His name was well known in every civilised country; while on the Continent of Europe his steel plates proved themselves superior to all others. Mr. Wilson was a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and filled civic offices in Sheffield.

"His character," writes a friend, "was a combination of qualities rarely met with in the same man, the most striking of which was the immovable equanimity of temper that made everybody, from the highest to the humblest person in his employment, happy to do him a service. Neither in public nor in private intercourse did he ever betray fidgetiness or irascibility; but, though weighted with business of momentous importance, he could greet small and great with the same affable composure. He was one of those great men of business who are masters of their fellows, because they have first learnt to master themselves."

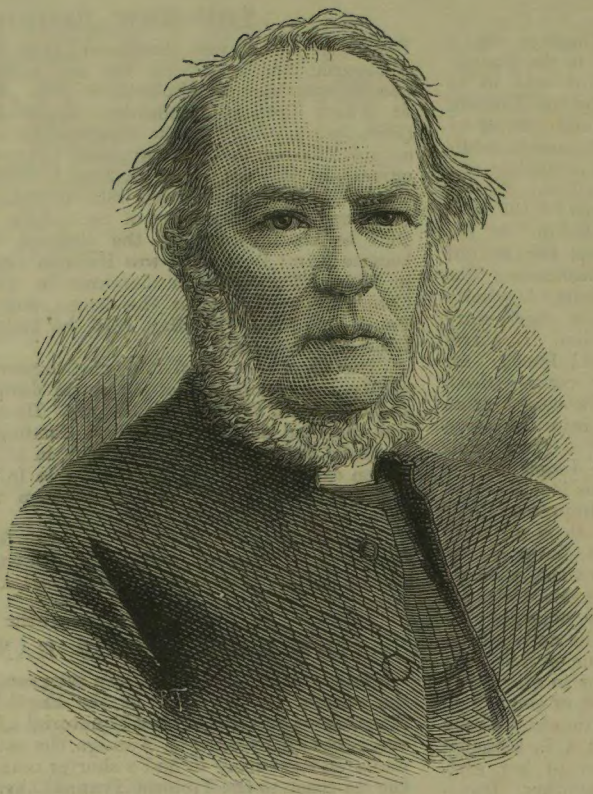
The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Haydon Hare, of Scarborough.

The Corporation of the City of London have voted a grant of 200 gs. towards the reduction of the debts of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin.

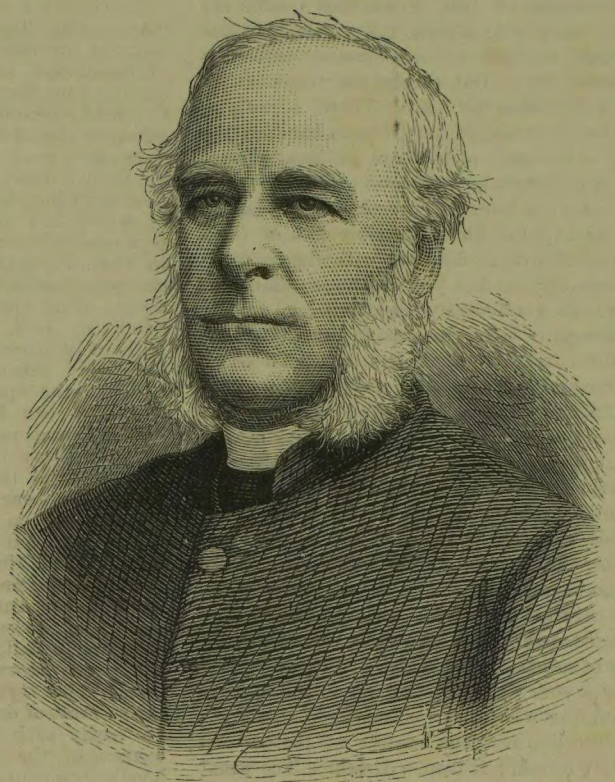
According to the Registrar-General's report, 2739 births and 1983 deaths were registered in London last week. The births, allowing for increase of population, were 249 below, while the deaths corresponded with the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 30 from measles, 18 from diphtheria, 130 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 23 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox.

At a meeting of the Brighton School Board, on Tuesday, a letter was read from Dr. Tindal Robertson, of Brighton, stating that he desired to devote £2000, that had been bequeathed to him for charitable purposes to the benefit of the poor children attending the school in the town. It was proposed to form a fund to provide meals, shoes, and other necessities; a trust to be formed for the purpose, to include the Mayor and the Vicar of Brighton. The board were asked to name two other gentlemen, and the chairman, the Rev. J. Hannah, and Mr. Daniel Hacks were elected.





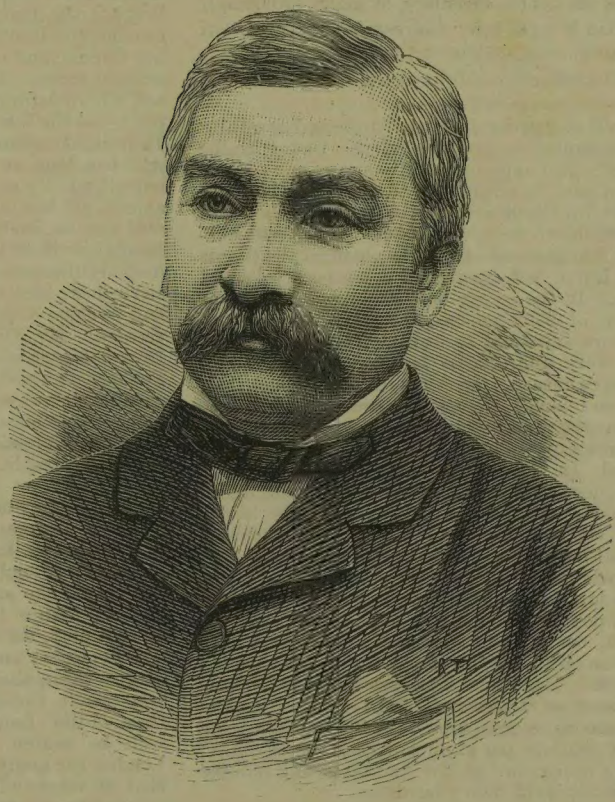
THE RIGHT REV. LORD ALWYNE COMPTON, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF ELY.



THE RIGHT REV. JAMES MOORHOUSE, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.



THE LATE BISHOP HANNINGTON,  
MURDERED IN EAST AFRICA.



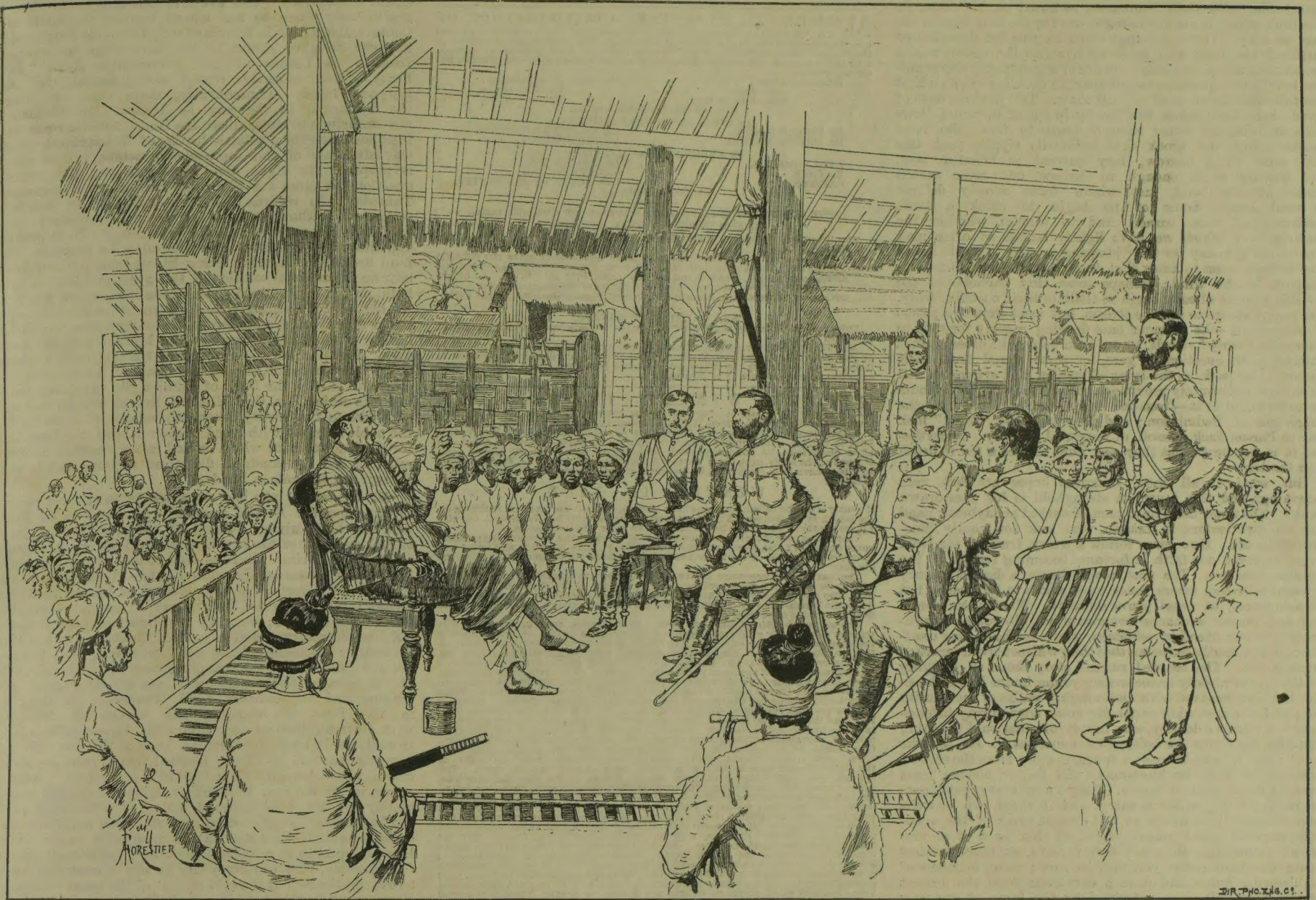
THE LATE MR. GEORGE WILSON,  
OF SHEFFIELD.



THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: THE WOON OF BHAMO IN HIS STATE CANOE.—SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



GENERAL PRENDERGAST CALLING ON THE WOON OF BHAMO.



THE WOON OF BHAMO ON HIS WAY TO VISIT GENERAL PRENDERGAST.



FOX-HUNTING.

Only a keen fox-hunter, who has been fretting for weeks against the unwelcome restraints imposed by a relentless frost, can fully feel the delight of seeing hounds once more at the covert-side, with their huntsman mounted on his favourite chestnut, which is always brought out for the best dogs in the best country. There is happy omen in this for those ardent spirits of the hunt, who, realising how fast the season wanes, are anxious not to let a single chance of a good thing slip profitless by. There is promise, too, of sport, in the clear crisp air that has followed the mists of a chill thaw. Two or three days of gentle rain have taken the frost-grip out of upland fallows without bringing water enough down to flood the level meads. But the brook that ordinarily ripples past this oak copse in a narrow, lazy current is brimful now, and flowing swift enough to hollow out some rotten banks at the bend, just where foxes mostly delight to steal away. Some of us begin to think a little anxiously of that corner, and to wonder whether the obstacle over which we have lightly larked so often may prove too big to-day for the "jumping powder" that is in us. The hounds seem to know that there is something more than common in the wind; perhaps some tiny particles of the ravishing scent already begin to titillate their nostrils feebly. One puppy stoops to lap the stream, but most show symptoms of excitement—the younger ones dashing eagerly forward to where the "whip" stands, by an open gate; the older hounds waiting, with questioning gaze, for some signal from their master. Our pack, as the lover of fashion and symmetry will see at once, is distinctly provincial. All shapes, sizes, and colours are to be found in it—from the bright tan of Belvoir to the badger-pie of Badminton; and they lack the "sotry" look dear to Parson Jack Russell, of immortal memory. Nevertheless, it is our boast that they can hunt or race a fox to death with the best.

But what if all these sanguine hopes are but vain imaginings, and this favourite stronghold is for once drawn blank? The foxes must have been disturbed at daybreak; and here are two loafers, in fustian, who look not wholly innocent of the act. How many follow a weary, fruitless jog from covert to covert, our faith in fortune becoming feebler as the day draws shorter. The new keeper knows a distant spinney or warm osier-bed, where foxes have taken to lie lately; but his assurances, as usual, prove delusive. Whereupon, huntsman and master exchange comments not altogether complimentary to our friend in velveteen, who slouches along crest-fallen, and evidently conscious that their whispered conversation concerns him. The bearded rustic's story about an outlying fox that plays nightly havoc among young lambs in his sheep-fold, has been received with discouraging smiles of incredulity also; and the first whip turns for more trustworthy information to a village celebrity, who, in spite of occasional poaching escapades, has credit for being a keen sportsman. He, like the hunt "runner," who borrows a spurious glory from the cast-off garments of whip or huntsman, will follow hounds from dawn to dusk without tiring. They know every gate, gap, and earth in the whole country, and if these two between them cannot tell us where to find a stout rover of the woodlands, our case is sad indeed. Look at this for a mere provincial gathering. Here are two persons, at least, hardest among the hard riders you may be sure; many members of neighbouring hunts, and quite a cavalcade from the nearest garrison town, all come, attracted by the fame of our very best fixture. Are we to be humiliated, and all these disappointed, by a blank day? Hope springs supreme yet, and, before the least sanguine sportsman turns his horse's head homeward, these copes may ring with the merriest music that ever gladdened the heart of a fox-hunter. H. H. S. P.

Mr. A. George Peel, second son of the Speaker, has been awarded the Peel medal at Harrow, thus earning the same distinction as his elder brother obtained last year.

As the result of the February examination on the subjects in which instruction has been given by the tutors of the Inner Temple, the Masters of the Bench have awarded Pupil Scholarships of 100 guineas each to the undermentioned students:—Common Law, Mr. A. M. Lazarus; Equity, Mr. E. M. D. Chamier; Real Property Law, Mr. G. B. Hamilton.

At a special public meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, convened for Monday morning, at the society's premises, for the purpose of electing a president, in the place of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and a treasurer, in the place of Mr. Joseph Hoare, also deceased, the Earl of Harrowby and Mr. J. Gurney Barclay were respectively elected to the offices.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 1098 cattle, 300 sheep, 8718 quarters of beef, and 285 carcases of mutton. The total figures, in comparison with those of the preceding week, show a slight increase in the import of live stock, but a decrease in that of fresh meat.

The sixtieth exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy opened at Edinburgh on Monday. The number of works exhibited in the galleries this year reaches the large total of 1167. Of these, 817 are oil paintings, 319 are water colours and architectural drawings, and thirty-one are works of sculpture. The number of artists whose works have been accepted is 543.

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'**  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE AND EIGHT.  
Panteuil, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

**JAPAN IN LONDON.**—Hyde Park. DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. THE JAPANESE VILLAGE. Rebuilt on an elaborate scale. All amusements Free, at Twelve, Three, Five, and Eight, in the new Shobaya. Native and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Wednesday, Half-a-Crown; after Six, 1s. Children Half-price. Originator and Managing Director, TANNAKER BUKICROAN.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavillion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.**—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.  
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m.  
Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.  
Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.  
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.  
Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS**, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End Circus, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.  
(By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at Constantinople, Evelina Constantia, the wife of John Seager.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF**  
MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1885-6, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, " Galli-Marie, " Frank Dubernoy.	Mesdames Rose Delaunay, " Thuillier-Leloir, " Noémie Vernon.
Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c.	
In APRIL will be PERFORMED—	LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE.
LA PETITE MARIEE.	LA MASCOTTE, &c.
In FEBRUARY and MARCH—	LA ROSE L'A DIT.
LALLA ROUKH.	GALATHEE.
HAYDRE.	LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.
CARMEN.	LE TOREADOR, &c.

**THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO, 1885-6.**  
GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING.  
The Stand will be opened every Monday and Friday until Feb. 28 for Pools and Matches.

A Second Series of Meetings will take place immediately after the GRAND CONCOURS, and be continued until March 10, every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, Thursday and Friday, March 11 and 12: The Grand Prix de Cloture. An object of Art and 3500fr., will be followed by a Third Series of Meetings until April. For full particulars, address M. A. BLONDIN, Secretary, Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

**SEA BATHING AT MONACO.**  
This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.  
MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels:—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

**SEVERE WINTER IN ENGLAND.**  
Probably no winter during the present century has exceeded in rigorous severity the one through which it is now hoped, the English will soon emerge. Hundreds of deaths have been accelerated by the influence of the treacherous English climate. The intense frosts, its continuous snow-storms, its dense and often black fogs, its hurricanes with tempestuous rains, and the almost total absence of the sun's rays, these have so far made up the winter of England 1885-6, and those have been lucky who, by fortunate circumstances, have been enabled to pass their

**WINTER IN NICE,**  
if winter it can be called, for it has been benign, and left no trace of suffering on the health of its visitors. Nice is not a resort exclusively for the invalid, but also a place for those who are in health and able to enter into its gaieties. There have been some days of unusually cold weather; the minimum temperature never exceeded 2 deg. frost, and occurred on Jan. 10, 11, 12, 20, and 21, and Feb. 7 and 8; and a slight fall of snow for about half an hour on Saturday Jan. 23, in the evening.  
The maximum temperature for twenty-five days was upwards of 50 deg., and on one day 64 deg. were registered by the instruments of Mr. Doninelli, optician of Nice, who has devoted twenty-five years of his life to meteorological observations. As to the barometer, only on one occasion did it register so low as 29.21, and on nine days it recorded more than 30.0.

The general health of Nice has been, and continues, remarkably good. The registry of mortality exhibits a decrease of forty-seven deaths, as compared with the same period last year—viz., Nov. 15 to Feb. 10; and it may be interesting to mention that only four deaths of English born subjects were registered during the last two winters—viz., 1884-5: an English lady, native of England, fifty-five years; a man, seventy years of age, born at Calcutta; a woman, aged forty, born in Georgetown, British Guiana. In the winter of 1885-6 there has been but one English death registered, and that of a man, seventy-five years of age, a native of Malta. What other health station can adduce such statistics, with such a population? It should be observed that two out of these four deaths occurred some leagues distant from Nice, and the other two in town. There are three or four English doctors practising in Nice; but so little occasion is there for them, that were it not for their summer engagements being remunerative in other towns of English resort, they would be ill-requited by their countrymen, who are passing away their time amid exotic plants—palm, orange, and lemon trees, in sight of the blue Mediterranean, and the blue canopy above them. The almond, peach, and other fruit trees are in bloom, as are also the camellias, roses, geraniums, primulas, &c. The town is alive with different Fêtes, the Salons are open, and entertainments of all descriptions are rapidly succeeding each other. Grand concerts, grand matinees, and soirées dansantes are rife. Bazaars, presided over by the elite and affluent; balls for the benefit of the poor and infirm, &c. Then there is the Italian Opera, with Patti, Madame Krauss, and other world-famed artists; the Theatre Français, with its opulent and frugal. There are several musical promenades and operettes. The Military and Town Bands play during six days of the week at the Jardin Public. Moreover, there is the Grand Carnival Fêtes, which are to commence early in March, and will, it is said, be more than ever brilliant with its Battle of Flowers, Cars, Masqueraders, Masked Balls, &c.; and a grand Regatta will be given by the Cercle Nautique of Nice, in April. Hotels and villas are well filled, at prices to suit the opulent or frugal. There are several clubs and institutions open to the English visitor; and Nice remains, as it deserves to be, as delightful as ever, and the most pleasant place for passing a happy winter.  
NICE, Jan. 13, 1886.

N I C E C A R N I V A L.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3.**  
Opening of Fête, Music, Illuminations, Salvoes of Artillery, Bengal Fire, &c.  
**THURSDAY, MARCH 4.**  
Grand Gala Corso, Battle of Flowers, Grand Masked Ball.  
**FRIDAY, MARCH 5.**  
Grand Kermesse, Fancy Fair (day and night).  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 6.**  
Grand Carnival Corso, Battle of Flowers and Confetti, Masquerades, Cavalcades, &c. Cars, &c., Torchlight Procession, Flower Throwing, Illuminated Carriages, Chariots, &c.  
**SUNDAY, MARCH 7.**  
Second Day of Grand Carnival Gala Corso, Battle of Flowers, Gala Performances, Theatre.  
**MONDAY, MARCH 8.**  
Last Day of Carnival, Battle of Confetti, Illuminations, Moccioletti, Electric Lights, Fireworks, Bonfire, Burning of Effigy of Carnival.  
**TUESDAY, MARCH 9.**  
PRIZES DISTRIBUTED TO THE VALUE OF 26,800fr.  
M. LE COMTE DE CESSOLE, President.  
M. A. SAETONE, Secretary.  
BARON ROISSARD DE BELLET, Treasurer.

M E N T O N C A R N I V A L.

**PROGRAMME OF THE FÊTES.**  
Saturday, February 27, Battle of Flowers.  
Friday, March 5, Arrival of King Carnival.  
Saturday, March 6, GRAND CORSO DE GALA;  
Battle of Flowers, and Confetti; Dressed Cars, Decorated Carriages, Cavalcades, Masqueraders on Foot, Groups of Male and Female Masqueraders. Special Prizes—7000 francs.  
Fête de Nuit: Moccioletti, Concert.  
Monday, March 8, GRAND CORSO DE GALA;  
Battle of Flowers, Confetti. Distribution of Prizes and Banners to the best Decorated Carriages; Illuminations, Fireworks, Torchlight Procession, and  
Burning of King Carnival.

The dates have been selected so as not to clash with the Nice Carnival; thus visitors at either town can assist at both the Fêtes.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A. Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "Mourning in the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr"—are NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great Picture, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,**  
OCT. 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1886.  
Conductor—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
All communications to be addressed,  
"Ald. FRED. R. SPARK, Hon. Sec., Musical Festival, Townhall, Leeds."

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight o'Clock, FAUST, Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Martha, Mrs. Stirling; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five. Seats can always be booked at the Theatre, and for five weeks in advance; or by letter. Carriages at 10.50.  
number of seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of Libraries. Seats can frequently be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.—LYCEUM.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at Eight, THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play (in Five Acts) by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Scenery by Messrs. Walter Hann and Stafford Hall. Costumes by V. Barthe. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Wilfred Clyde, Hudson, Coote, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Evans, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, and George Barrett; Miss Lottie Venn, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Eastlake. Private Boxes, 41s. to 29 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-office, 9.30 till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

**THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. RUSSELL and BASHFORD.—ENGAGED, by W. S. Gilbert, EVERY EVENING at 8.40, with the following exceptional cast.—Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. U. Winter; Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Augusta Wilton, Mrs. P. H. Brooks, Miss E. R. Barr, Miss Norreys, At Eight punctually, LOVE'S SECRET. Messrs. Gerard, Forbes Dawson, Darwin, Miss Norreys, Mrs. Brooke. Seats can be booked daily. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The rumble that precedes the storm was heard on Saturday last. Lord Randolph Churchill, we may be sure, was nothing loth to be the stormy petrel. Addressing his constituents at South Paddington (who did him the honour to elect him gratuitously when he was absent fighting the battle of the Conservative Party in Birmingham), the noble Lord spoke in the old familiar strain of the days when he revelled in freedom as Leader of the irrepressible little "Fourth Party," and cheerily smote the "Grand Old Man" hip and thigh. Consequently, there was something of the hysterical in the way he blamed Mr. Childers for the unfortunate riots, albeit the Home Secretary was hardly installed when the wholesale looting of Monday week occurred. One advantage of this inconsiderate attack, maybe, was that it prepared the right hon. gentleman for the censorious questions in store for him when Parliament reassembled on Thursday. As regards the Irish difficulty, its satisfactory settlement without delay is so urgently necessary for the welfare of the realm that it might be thought Party prejudices and differences would be sunk at so critical a juncture. Could Lord Randolph Churchill bring his undeniable cleverness to bear on the rational solution of this great problem, in lieu of indulging in unmeasured abuse of the Ministry, such as tickled the ears of the Paddingtonians, he would indubitably improve his own position as a statesman, and might earn the credit of having taken part in a work of the highest national importance. The Marquis of Salisbury, on his side, made a speech in every way admirable, the same evening, at the Mansion House dinner to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Avoiding the pit-fall into which Earl Granville fell, that of blandly making an easy joke on the Trinity Brethren's voluntary on the fog-horn, the noble Marquis with good reason lauded the Lord Mayor for the alacrity with which he had raised a noble fund for the relief of the thousands of distressed artisans and labourers thrown out of work in London.

Mr. Gladstone, who had remained in town ever since his return from the Earl of Rosebery's at Mentone, on Monday held the first Cabinet Council of the new Ministry in the official residence of the first Lord of the Treasury, in Downing-street. The Prime Minister had round him a body of experienced statesmen and earnest debaters. There were sober and solid Baron Herschell, as the soundest of Liberal Lord Chancellors; auburn-bearded Earl Spencer as a courtly Lord President of the Council; beaming Earl Granville, politest possible Colonial Secretary; mellifluous Mr. Childers as urbane Home Secretary; clean-shaved and youthful looking Lord Rosebery, not at all abashed at assuming the cares of the Foreign Office at the comparatively adolescent age of thirty-nine; complacent and self-satisfied Lord Kimberley, shrinking not in the least at resuming the burden of Hindostan, with Burmah thrown in; canny Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, pawkily ready to try his 'prentice hand at the War Office; the doughty Marquis of Ripon, bearded like a pard, re-entering official life at home, as First Lord of the Admiralty; lofty and towering Sir William Harcourt, smugly self-satisfied as to his ability to fill the financial office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, indeed, to discharge duties as multifarious and delicate as little Earl Russell was reputed to have considered himself equal to at a moment's notice; pallid and perky Mr. Chamberlain, who obviously has as tidy a conceit of himself as ever in the new part of President of the Local Government Board; wondrously aged Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, so grizzled has he become since his recent severe illness, fittest administrator as Secretary for Scotland; hirsute Mr. Mundella, as bold a blade as Sheffield could turn out, as physically grandiose President of the Board of Trade; and, though last, not by any manner of means least, shaven Mr. John Morley, his face sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, courageously in earnest to do his utmost to conciliate Ireland as Mr. Gladstone's new Irish Secretary.

The constituencies appealed to by Ministers have, so far, encouraged Mr. Gladstone to pursue his new policy with regard to Ireland that they have re-elected his colleagues by increased majorities. Thus, it is worthy of note that the Attorney-General, Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., who at the General Election was returned by a majority of 942 over Mr. Charles Darling, Q.C., on the 11th inst. was triumphantly rechosen by a majority of 1195 in preference to Mr. Scoble, Q.C., a Mr. Munster only securing 17 votes. An even greater triumph was the next day achieved by the Irish Secretary at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Mr. John Morley was re-elected by a majority of 2721 over Mr. Hamond (the former securing 11,170, and the latter 8449 votes on the 11th), whereas Mr. Morley's majority at the General Election was but 629. The new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Hencaze, proved similarly successful at Grimsby, where he was returned by a majority of 1060, as compared with the 814 majority previously recorded in his favour. Now, with these eloquent figures to support and strengthen him, the Prime Minister may well have resumed his seat on the Treasury bench with a cheerful front; and Ministerialists may well have cheered with hearty good-will the re-elected Ministers who approached the table, and retook the oath of allegiance to the Queen on Thursday.

Mr. Parnell, for his part, had fresh reason to plume himself. His special excursion to Galway to favour the return of his protégé, Captain O'Shea, instead of the popular candidate, Mr. Lynch, was so successful that the gallant Captain was returned as Mr. T. P. O'Connor's successor by the large majority of 880—945 against 65 votes.

Miss Lloyd-Greame, of Sewerby, has given £1000 for erecting an iron church at Bridlington Quay.

At the annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League, held at the Mansion House on Monday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, several members of Parliament, of both parties, were present. A resolution was passed commending the objects of the federation to the support of all British subjects.

The fourth annual ball of the London Inverness-shire Association will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, March 5. The objects for which the Association was instituted are:—To encourage education in Inverness-shire; to cultivate a knowledge of the history and traditions of the county and the Highlands generally; to assist, by every means in its power, deserving persons, natives of Inverness-shire, who may stand in need of the influence and assistance of the association; and to promote friendly intercourse among Inverness-shire men resident in or near London.

The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide for 1886 (published by Mr. T. G. Johnson, of 121, Fleet-street) contains, in a compact and portable form, a complete register of the clergy of the Established Church, arranged first in alphabetical order, according to their names, and secondly, according to parishes. In the latter case, the population and income of the benefice are also given. In the present edition, the portion containing the cathedral and diocesan establishments has been greatly amplified, making the work a valuable storehouse of new and useful information.



## MR. JOHN MORLEY.

The political complexion of a Ministry which is formed at a peculiar crisis of public affairs may occasionally be indicated, in some degree, by the characteristics of individual members of the Cabinet, who are not appointed to the very highest offices of State. When there is a line of policy to be carried on by legislative measures connected with a particular department, going far beyond its accustomed working, and presenting at the time what seems the most essential feature of the immediate intentions of a new Government, the choice of a Minister for this post becomes supremely important. As we remarked last week, the President of the Local Government Board just now, in the person of Mr. Chamberlain, is the acknowledged representative, and is even the type in his own career, of the Constitutional view that elevates our municipal and other local practice of self-rule into a school of national statesmanship. The selection of Mr. John Morley for the Chief Secretaryship of the Government of Ireland, more especially with a Lord Lieutenant who does not sit in the Cabinet, is of not less significance; for it must be regarded, to some extent, as a recognition, by the head of the Government, of Mr. Morley's ideas and sentiments on questions of Irish policy.

This we all feel, at the present moment, to be the most interesting topic of practical politics; but our space will be filled by noticing the other claims of Mr. Morley to high personal distinction. He is the most eminent, by the quality and effectiveness of his work as a thinker and writer, and by its thorough consistency of direction, among English political journalists of these or preceding days. He is also the author of considerable works of literary, biographical, and historical criticism, and of ethical speculations and discussions, which will long keep their place of standard rank. These merits, whatever might have been the case in France, would never have raised Mr. Morley, *per saltum*, to the position of a Cabinet Minister, if he had not besides achieved substantial Parliamentary success, and gained also much acceptance with the people, on the platform of the Liberal Party. He is not, any more than Mr. Chamberlain, what used to be admired, but may now be willingly dispensed with—the elaborate rhetorical declaimer of sentiment, esteemed an eloquent orator; his style of speaking, as of writing, is cogent rather than brilliant, and its best qualities are directness, precision, and firmness. He never soars, but he never gushes, and never flounders, falters, or grovels, whether in treating purely literary themes, in delineating the men, the actions, or the currents of thought and feeling in the eighteenth century, which he has probed to the quick in his biographical studies; or in dealing with the urgent problems of our own generation. He is a very different kind of writer, upon those subjects, from either Carlyle or Mr. Froude; and he has many readers who find in his books the fruit of a more trustworthy judgment.

We must, however, confine this notice, upon the present occasion, pretty much to his conduct and views as a politician. The life of a scholar, an author, the editor of a literary magazine and of a London evening paper, which were Mr. Morley's occupations till about three years ago, is not outwardly eventful. He is a Lancashire man, born in the manufacturing town of Blackburn on Dec. 24, 1838. He received his education at Cheltenham College, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he took his degrees of B.A. in 1859, and M.A. in 1874. At the age of twenty-three he came to London, and began writing, as an occasional contributor, in the *Literary Gazette*, of which he became the editor; but he was soon admitted to the numerous and accomplished staff of the *Saturday Review*, furnishing some of the well-known "middle" articles; brief essays on a variety of topics of social or intellectual interest, which were then in vogue. These were republished in a volume not bearing his name. He became a law student, more or less, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but never sought practice. When the late Mr. G. H. Lewes quitted the editorship of the *Fortnightly Magazine*, in 1867, Mr. Morley took his place. His first separate work, "Edmund Burke; an Historical Study," was then published. No one could be more fit to direct a periodical which at that time, before the advent of the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*, was alone in holding "open council" of competent original thinkers, and persons of special note in the advance of inquiry, allowing much freedom of opinion. The new editor, for his own part, seemed on the philosophical side to entertain much sympathy with Mr. Frederick Harrison's creed of Practical Positivism; while on the political side he welcomed the essays of Mr. Chamberlain, tending, as we observed last week, to definite plans of social reform by the action of Democratic government.

It was predestined, apparently, in accordance with the vigorous moral instincts and the determined practical earnestness of his character, that Mr. Morley should not remain simply a literary critic, or a biographer of past celebrities. His books, written from 1871 to 1878, on the life and writings of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Diderot, and other French "Encyclopædists," and his thoughtful philosophical treatise on the limits and modes of "Compromise," sufficiently warrant an abiding literary reputation. They are now, with the "Critical Miscellanies," a collection of his minor essays, in course of republication, by Messrs. Macmillan, to form the series, hitherto, of his standard works; and we doubt not that, in this edition, they will be valued by an increasing multitude of serious readers. A narrative of "The Struggle for Education" belongs to the period. Mr. Morley, personally, at that time led the life almost of a recluse student. But he visited the United States of America, either for recreation, or more likely for political inspiration to be drawn from the spectacle of real living democratic institutions. His faith in popular government, exceeding the customary profession of Liberalism, as then understood, soon afterwards carried him full into the vortex of political controversies, already seething with diverse currents of feeling. He threw himself, in 1868, into the movement, so grand because so generous, that supported Mr. Gladstone's proposal to abolish the Protestant Irish Church Establishment, and became a candidate for his native town of Blackburn. He has further endeared himself to many of the working classes in Lancashire by his diligent researches and friendly efforts in matters of detail affecting their wages, hours of labour, and industrial welfare. At the General Election of 1880 Mr. Morley was a candidate for Westminster; which constituency, having once done itself honour, in 1865, by electing John Stuart Mill, would have gained additional credit, as the seat of cultivated intelligence, if it had chosen the author of the treatise on "Compromise." But he was yet to serve another term of literary work, henceforth especially political, before he might enter the House of Commons.

The sudden change of proprietorship and editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, immediately after the great victory of the Liberal Party in 1880, is well remembered. It removed a very able and distinguished Conservative journalist to the direction of a new rival evening paper; while the conduct of the *Pall Mall*, as an organ of Independent Advanced Liberal principles, was entrusted to Mr. Morley. During about three years the leading articles and some of the short occasional notes in that paper, written by

his hand, were eagerly perused by all practical politicians of the Radical school; but may, we fear, at the same time, have enabled some of the Opposition—at least "the Fourth Party"—to discern the weak and fractured joints in the panoply of Ministerial pretensions. The *Pall Mall* never failed to expose and to rebuke, more in sorrow than in anger, the acts of inconsistency and impolicy which arose from divided counsels or from Whig official traditions in the Liberal Government. It is not worth while now to advert to past mistakes in dealing with the Transvaal, with Egypt, and, subsequently, with the Soudan, or with any foreign or colonial affairs. Ireland was still the greatest difficulty, which Mr. Morley was one of the first of English public writers to confront, in full reliance on National Liberal principles. He saw, from the beginning of the Parnellite movement in 1880, that Home Rule aspirations, which he would never flatter, but deemed neither criminal nor insane, were not to be suppressed by Coercion. He energetically supported Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, deploring the rejection of the preceding legislative attempt to stop the wholesale eviction, amidst general distress, of tenants impoverished by three disastrous seasons. He recommended, very early in 1882, the adjustment of their outstanding arrears of rent by public assistance, without which the benefits of the new law could not be obtained in the Land Courts. While he maintained it to be the duty of Government to repress outrages and uphold the ordinary authority of the law, he considered that the suspension of Constitutional liberties in Ireland, by the ill-advised Coercion Act of 1881, with the arbitrary imprisonment of hundreds of "suspects" never to be tried or indicted, and the forcible stifling of public discussion, were likely to provoke worse crimes and dangers. The truth of this view, at any rate, was terribly confirmed by the hideous assassinations in the Phoenix Park.

Mr. Morley seemed thenceforth wholly devoted to the momentous political problems of the day. He gave up, in October of that year, 1882, the literary management of the *Fortnightly*; and the only life he wrote for the series of "English Men of Letters," which came out under his superintendence, was that of Burke. We should before this have mentioned one of his more important biographical works, "The Life of Richard Cobden," published in two volumes towards the close of 1881; a book which has the merits of faultless taste and sound judgment, masterly handling of materials, and uniform propriety of style, but in which a little more enthusiasm would have gratified some readers who knew and admired Cobden. The author, indeed, has never belonged precisely to the Manchester School, or been greatly addicted to the maxims of strict national economy, pacific non-interference in foreign affairs, and non-interference with commercial and industrial interests, which Cobden asserted. We may yet have to come back to them, but scarcely by Mr. Morley's express leading.

The year of 1883, which brought again some hope of attending to domestic reforms, after the excitement of the Egyptian expedition and the suppression of the Irish assassination clubs by the Crimes Act, introduced Mr. Morley to Parliamentary life. He had won the confidence and gratitude of large numbers of the Tyneside working men, in the iron ship-building trade, by his successful arbitration in a dispute with their employers. A vacancy in the representation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was occasioned by the illness of the late Mr. Ashton Dilke. The election took place in February, when Mr. John Morley, who had been accepted as the Liberal candidate, received 9443 votes, while his Conservative opponent got 7187. His public career was no longer that of a professional busy literary man, though it was only in August of that year he left the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but that of an active member of the House of Commons.

Parliamentary eminence seems, in a few conspicuous recent examples, to have been accorded to individual accomplishment in the special studies of statesmanship, without the aid of powerful external connections. The late Mr. Henry Fawcett was one such instance, and Mr. John Morley is another. It was neither by the patronage of wealthy Liberal magnates, as formerly, nor by the clamorous applause of immense popular meetings charmed with fine oratorical displays, that these studious and independent political thinkers gained seats in the House, and there won a high position. They represented no league or association, with funds subscribed to carry a specific measure, and with an extensive machinery of platform and newspaper advocacy. The election, without any such adventitious helps, of men who could not and would not have got into Parliament by money, or by the aid of aristocratic influence, must be regarded as a good sign of the times; and the very rapid rise of Mr. Morley to his present degree of consideration, attained without the slightest approach to party or personal intrigue, is a good sign for modern Parliamentary life. Where would Edmund Burke have been, at the outset, without his patrons? Nay, without the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, would Cobden have become the political teacher of the age?

The debates and votes of the last three years are fresh in remembrance; they need not here be recited. Mr. Morley has acted with a sternly consistent band of Radicals, as some of them prefer to be called—of Independent Advanced Liberals, generally supporting the original ideas of Mr. Gladstone, but courageously opposing manifest departures from sound principles, both in the treatment of Ireland and those deplorable doings in the Soudan, which wrecked the fortunes of a Ministry containing inharmonious elements, and soon losing touch of the national feeling. To the Prime Minister, the universally acknowledged Leader of the Liberal Party, this section of the House continued to cherish an unabated attachment, which is recognised in composing his present Administration. His great performance in the reform of our electoral system, by the Franchise Act and the Redistribution of Seats, the crowning victory of Parliamentary Reform, owes its success to the Advanced Liberals; the acceptance of this work by the Cabinet, or the resolution strenuously to proceed with it, and to overcome all opposition by every Constitutional expedient, was due to their earnestness in the popular cause. It was Mr. John Morley who presided over the Leeds Conference of October, 1883, when sixteen hundred delegates from nearly six hundred organised Liberal Associations of Great Britain, with Mr. John Bright amongst them, demanded the extension of household and lodger franchise to the county constituencies. It was Mr. John Morley who, in July, 1884, presided at St. James's Hall over a similar conference in London to protest against the conduct of the Conservative majority of the House of Lords in rejecting the Franchise Bill. The literary student and critic had been transformed into a leader of the people. That St. James's Hall Conference, attended by 2500 leaders of provincial and local opinion, convened jointly by the National Liberal Federation, the National Reform Union, and the London and Counties Liberal Union, was the most imposing political demonstration that London has seen in our time. In June last year, Mr. John Morley, as President of the London and Counties Liberal Union, again occupied the chair in that hall, with Sir William Harcourt beside him, calling forth the first utterance of popular sentiment upon the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Administration. At the General Election in

November he was re-elected for Newcastle, obtaining 10,129 votes, while his competitor, Mr. Hamond, a local Conservative, polled 9500. "I think," he said, "that the Irish question will be the very first with which the New Parliament will have to deal. We must open our minds to new ideas. That we can go on governing Ireland on the system which has prevailed hitherto, no man can believe."

The new system which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will endeavour to make acceptable, if this be possible, both to England and to Ireland, is yet a child unborn. Mr. John Morley is the new Chief Secretary, and is a member of the Cabinet, which has scarcely met in council. In this capacity, he is committed to no scheme whatever, nor, indeed, is Mr. Gladstone. The general drift of Mr. Morley's reflections, as an individual politician, with regard to Irish government, may be learnt from a recent "Extra" publication at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, containing extracts from many of his articles and several later speeches, upon which we do not comment. Our readers would perhaps gain a more complete understanding of his views and sentiments by perusing, in the *Nineteenth Century* of November, 1882, the whole of an article entitled "Irish Revolution and English Liberals," which he wrote immediately after an autumn tour in Ireland. We are not called upon, in a biographical memoir, to enter one step into the discussion of the Land problem or of the Home Rule problem; and we are not disposed to attempt any precise analysis of Mr. Morley's opinions, upon questions of such momentous urgency, without stating our own grounds either of agreement or dissent. A few weeks may bring forth the result of Ministerial deliberations, transcending in political importance almost every proposal of Constitutional change that this or the last generation in the nineteenth century has witnessed. It is our sincere prayer that Parliament and the public mind, free from passion and from prejudice, may be guided in the course of sober wisdom.

The Right Hon. John Morley, having accepted office, was re-elected at Newcastle on Friday last week; his majority over Mr. Hamond was much increased, the numbers being 11,710, against 8449.

The Portrait of the Chief Secretary is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

## THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, by the courtesy of Captain Woodward, R.N., of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, commanding the Naval Brigade, and of Commander Barlow (H.M.S. *Bacchante*) and other officers, was enabled to accompany the expedition up the Irrawaddy to Bhamo, near the Chinese frontier of Upper Burmah. He was allowed to go ashore with General Prendergast, and made the sketches presented in our Engravings. The first is that of the Woon, the Burmese Governor, with his attendants, in a grand state canoe, having a huge gilt umbrella hoisted above his head, coming from Bhamo to meet the General, who was on board the *Kah Byoo*, a steam-boat of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, on Dec. 28. The Woon met General Prendergast on the deck of the steam-boat, gave him the most peaceful assurances, and showed him a map of the town and neighbourhood. He then returned to the town, a mile or two distant; and the General, with his staff and four Sepoys, landed and entered Bhamo. They saw only a small military garrison of sixty or seventy soldiers, in very poor condition. The one street of the town is paved with brick; at each side are bamboo houses, on teak piles, with hardly anything to buy in the shops; the town is surrounded by a tall stockade, in which are three gates. Next day, General Prendergast called on the Woon, and was received in state by that official, who afterwards conducted him to the Chinese quarter of the town, where he had an interview with the representative of the Chinese Government. The Woon, of course, paid the British Commander-in-Chief a formal visit in return, and our Illustrations refer to these proceedings. Our countrymen found the Woon "a cheery old fellow," hospitable and sociable; and were amused to see that he never went out of his house without servants carrying baskets and dishes of dainty food, bottles of water and other drink, huge cigars (eight or ten inches long, and an inch thick), and a small box of betel-nut for chewing; besides the indispensable gold umbrella, which is a token of rank and pomp, but affords no shelter from the sun.

## THE CASTAWAY SMACK COLUMBINE.

"To Norraway—to Norraway—to Norraway o'er the faem," is the wild and plaintive burthen of an ancient popular Scottish song. That wonderful sea-story which has excited so much sympathy during the past fortnight, ending happily in the unhoped-for rescue of the poor old Shetland woman, Elizabeth Mouat, who was carried away by the winds and waves of the Northern Ocean, the solitary person in the sailing-smack *Columbine*, adrift by accident on a voyage to Lerwick, will be equally remembered. It was on Saturday, the 30th ult., that the *Columbine*, which trades between Lerwick and Sumburgh, in the Shetlands, started from Grutness Harbour for Lerwick. The wind was blowing from the south-east, and a heavy sea was running. When about four miles on his course, the skipper of the smack, James Jamieson, was knocked overboard. The other two men, forming the crew, hove the vessel to, and put off in a boat to save their companion. The attempt to save the captain was fruitless, and the two men, to their consternation, found that the vessel had got under way again and was standing off to sea. They pulled after her as hard as they could; but the sea was heavy, and the smack rapidly increased her distance from them. At last they gave up the attempt as hopeless, and turned for the shore, which they reached with difficulty. They had left an only passenger on board, Mrs. Mouat, an elderly woman, who was suffering from illness, and was going to Lerwick for medical advice. They thought the woman knew something had happened, because they heard her screaming. The skipper had advised her not to come with them, for the passage was likely to be rough. When they reached the land, vessels were sent out, the steamer *Earl of Zetland*, the steamer *Gipsy*, and a schooner, to cruise about and look for the *Columbine*. They encountered terrible weather at sea, and it was believed, on their return, that the smack had gone down. A whole week passed, from Monday to Monday, while all hopes of the woman ever being seen again were given up, till, on the 8th inst., news reached Lerwick of the smack having been picked up "all safe" on the coast of Norway. The vessel reached Lepsoë, Aalesund, on Sunday, the 7th, in a dismayed state, the play of the boom having, it is supposed, carried away the mast. The poor woman, Elizabeth Mouat, who was found on board, was in a terribly exhausted condition, having been without food or drink during the week the vessel was drifting across the sea, notwithstanding that there was a supply of provisions on board. The explanation of this is that, as the journey was commenced in very rough weather, the woman had been lashed to the deck, and was in that condition when abandoned, having been unable to move. She is being carefully nursed, and is now recovering from the effects of her almost unparalleled hardships.





THE UNEMPLOYED OF LONDON: "WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 16.

Basly has been the hero of the Parliamentary week. He has defended the *justiciers* of Decazeville in the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and affirmed the legitimacy of the murder of Watrin, together with the infamy of the capitalists and the desperate misery of the working man. This is the first time that such affirmations have been heard in the French Legislative Assembly, and the first time that the utopian theories of the abolition of capital and the confiscation of property have been proclaimed with such stupid cynicism. Basly has shown himself incapable and unworthy, say the Republicans; he has been unfaithful to his mandate, for the electors of Paris, whom he represents, certainly do not approve assassination. Why was Basly elected? He had been a miner; he opened a wine-shop, talked politics with his customers, and, after the great Anzin strike, he was chosen delegate by the miners to represent their interests. Thus brought into some little notoriety, he was elected member for Paris by some two hundred thousand Parisians who did not know him, and who had never seen him. This is one of the extraordinary phenomena which may come of working men's candidatures and universal suffrage.

On Sunday there were elections in several departments, in consequence of invalidations. In place of eighteen Conservative deputies elected last October and invalidated, seventeen Republican deputies were returned on Sunday, and one Conservative. This defeat of the Reactionaries is attributed to two causes: Administrative pressure and the influence of the functionaries of the Republic, on the one hand; and, on the other, the want of a leader or a programme on the part of the Right. At the present moment, the Chamber consists of 396 Republicans and 182 Conservatives.

Nowadays, the Paris season begins in February and ends in June. But with a commercial crisis such as the French are now traversing, how can there be any season worth speaking about? The question is natural enough. To judge from the newspapers, the novels, and the narratives of the prejudiced persons, one might imagine Paris to be enveloped in a thick fog of pessimism, impermeable to the sound of fiddles and the light of gala candles. Such is not, in reality, the case. On the contrary, you have only to walk in the Champs Elysées in the afternoon to see as many carriages as ever; you have only to consult the newspapers, or the windows of the houses at night, to see that there are fêtes and receptions on both sides of the river, balls, cotillions, and *raouts*, for which the invitations bear the mention "costume on tête de rigueur." It is now carnival time, and Parisians of high and low degree are indulging in the joys of travesty and fancy-dress, or in that less complicated disguise, which is called a "tête"—that is to say, evening dress, with the face painted and the head bewigged as clown, harlequin, or what not. Far from abandoning themselves to dulness, the Parisians are inventing new amusements. The painter Munkacsy has had half the titled folk in Paris to see his new picture of the death of Mozart, illuminated by footlights, and commented upon by the music of "The Requiem," sung by eminent artistes. After the *tableau chantant* came the Cirque-Piscine, a most fashionable novelty in the Rue Saint Honoré, patronised by the great clubs and protected by titled aristocrats—a circus where, by the turning of a key, the arena suddenly disappears, and discloses to the view a sheet of water ten feet deep. Then, again, it has been said that the Parisians have given up going to the theatre. This is another mistake, for statistics show that during the past five years the total receipts of the Paris theatres have varied between 18,000,000f. and 21,000,000f. per annum, and that the receipts of 1885 are exactly the same as those of 1884 and those of 1880. Far from declining, the stage is gaining ground and glory; and the proof is that, on the 26th, the anniversary of Victor Hugo's birthday, no less a celebrity than M. Ernest Renan will make his début as a playwright at the Comédie Française, with a prose dialogue of the dead, entitled "1802," the scene of which is laid in the Elysian Fields. In reality, Republican Paris is as gay and prosperous as any other capital at the present time. Its detractors, therefore, may be supposed to be suffering from dyspepsia or the gloomy weather, which distorts their vision, and makes them see nothing but Cimmerian blackness.

The French Academy elected on Thursday three new members—M. Léon Say, the statesman and economist; M. Edouard Hervé, a brilliant Orleanist journalist; and M. Leconte De Lisle, the poet, whom Victor Hugo had designated frequently as his successor. M. Leconte De Lisle has translated into French verse all the great Greek poets, and has written many volumes of splendid verse himself. The trouble with M. Leconte De Lisle is that the sonority of his verse enables him to dispense with intelligible ideas. His works are arduous reading. M. Hervé is the third journalist whom the Academy has honoured with immortality: the first was Prévost Paradol, and the second M. John Lemoine, of the *Débats*.

M. Paul Bert left Paris for his post of Resident-General in Tonquin, on Friday. The agents in the pacific organisation of the new colony number 179, of whom 81 only are Europeans. M. Paul Bert, finding nothing to do in the present Chamber of mediocrities, solicited this post himself, remembering Gambetta's doctrine that the Republic ought to utilise all its intellectual forces. M. Bert goes East with very large personal power, and he has more complete *carte blanche* than any French Republican Envoy has hitherto had. Gambetta used to be a great admirer of our English system of Vice-Royalties, and I remember once hearing him say that if he had his way he would immediately appoint M. De Lesseps Viceroy of Algeria, and give that energetic and vivacious gentleman full power to develop the colony as he pleased, build railways, make inland seas, and act generally as a wise despot. M. Paul Bert's mission in Tonquin is somewhat of this type.

The grave question of the exhibition of 1889 is by no means settled. Austria has alleged the pretext of a commercial crisis for refusing to participate in the celebration of the guillotining of the Austrian Archduchess, Marie Antoinette. Germany and Russia have intimated, diplomatically, that they will not exhibit. In France, intrigues and jealousies have caused irreparable delay in the organisation of the show; and now the latest suggestion is to postpone the exhibition until 1890. There is, however, a general conviction that the Exhibition is dead and buried.—The eminent physicist, J. Jamin, died last week, at the age of sixty-eight. M. Jamin, who succeeded J. B. Dumas as secretary of the Academy of Science, was famous for his researches in practical electricity. Another celebrity who has gone to the great unknown country is Desbarrolles, the chiromancian, who died last week, at the age of eighty-five. Desbarrolles was a great friend of the elder Dumas; and it was while travelling with him in Spain that he began to study fortune-telling by the lines of the hand and by handwriting. For the past thirty years Desbarrolles has earned his living by fortune-telling; his book on "Les Mystères de la Main" has won the attention of scientific men; and over his grave, on

Saturday, it was Alexander Dumas, of the French Academy, who delivered the farewell speech.—M. Pasteur has, at the present moment, thirty patients under treatment. He has already applied his remedy to nearly three hundred patients, and, with one exception, the cure has been complete so far. T. C.

The ball given by the Crown Prince of Germany at the Royal Castle on Thursday week was very brilliant. More than 1200 invitations were issued. The Emperor wore the Blue Ribbon of the Garter over his uniform, in honour of the Crown Princess. The Prince had the Stars of the Garter and the Bath. The Crown Princess was dressed in white satin with silver embroidery, and wore a diamond diadem, and a necklace of brilliants and emeralds, besides various orders. The Emperor, who looked in excellent health and spirits, remained until midnight.—A bill was introduced in the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament on Monday for the regulation of the relations between the State and the Catholic Church.—By a majority of ninety against forty-five, the Bavarian Chamber has pronounced against the German Chancellor's schnapps monopoly scheme.

We learn from Winnipeg that a contract has been signed for the continuation of the Manitoba Central Railway from Brandon to Battleford.

In reference to the anti-Chinese riots in America, President Cleveland has issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens at Seattle to keep the peace, and directing the military authorities to enforce order in the district.

After three days' journey up the Irrawaddy, the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin arrived safely at Mandalay. They landed at three o'clock last Saturday afternoon, and proceeded in state through the town to the citadel. The inhabitants thronged the streets. Lord and Lady Dufferin were conducted by the chief civil and military authorities to a temporary building erected for their reception, and profusely decorated.

## THE UNEMPLOYED OF LONDON.

The deplorable and disgraceful riot at the West-End on Monday week, of which we furnished a series of Illustrations in our Extra Supplement, was entirely the work of a gang of common street ruffians, taking advantage of the incendiary speeches of a few Communist declaimers who had intruded on the meeting of distressed labouring men in Trafalgar-square. The proceedings of the Labourers' Union and of the Fair Trade League, however questionable may be the wisdom and propriety of holding any large meeting in such a place, were orderly and peaceable; their demands, though probably not consistent with sound policy, were respectfully announced and were compatible with the rights of property; and no threats of violence were uttered by their speakers. What happened after their departure is therefore justly considered no reason for withdrawing the sympathy and compassion of benevolent persons in the middle and upper classes from the lamentable state of large numbers of unemployed working men and their families suffering this winter in consequence of the depression of trade.

It is well known that several causes, for which nobody can fairly be blamed, have during some years past diminished, and in certain cases have almost destroyed, local branches of industry at the East-End of London. Various manufactures of small hardware, which formerly gave employment to thousands, have been removed to the industrial districts of the Midland Counties, or have succumbed to foreign competition; the last of the sugar factories was recently closed; much of the shipping of this port has abandoned the docks of London and Blackwall for new docks more commodiously situated down the river; and the iron ship-building work of Millwall, with the different works and trades dependant upon it, at Limehouse, Bow, and Poplar, has nearly become extinct. It may be roughly estimated that, from all these changes, at least a hundred thousand hands must have lost their wonted employment; and though, no doubt, the greater part of them have long since migrated to other towns in the North of England, too many remain here in a very sad condition. The building trades, moreover, have languished from the commercial depression, throwing large numbers of bricklayers, excavators, and unskilled labourers out of work.

This is the real calamity, for which different temporary remedies have been suggested: such as the institution of public relief works connected with proposed objects of local utility, the construction of a subway or tunnel across the Thames, the demolition of the vacant prison buildings in Coldbath-fields and elsewhere, or the formation of new parks in North London. It would be inexpedient to allow these plans to be so carried out as to attract fresh multitudes of poor people from the country. A relaxation of the rules of the Poor-Law administration with regard to out-door relief has been conceded by the Local Government Board. The Mansion House Fund, to which the Queen has given 500 guineas and the Prince of Wales 250 guineas, amounted on Tuesday afternoon to £42,000. We now present a few Sketches, by our own Artists, of the scenes unhappily to be witnessed from day to day, at the West India Docks, where hundreds wait for hours in vain for a job, and in the East-End streets, at the pawn-shops, and at the cheap lodging-houses, where every shift of extreme neediness is tried before it comes to absolute destitution. The powerful drawing, by Mr. F. Barnard, "We've got no work to do," represents a scene which every reader must frequently have beheld. Charity should not be restrained; but it will do little good unless it be applied either with personal carefulness, diligent inquiry, and discretion, or through some organised agency, conversant with the locality and the habits of the people.

The Edinburgh International Exhibition buildings, of which we gave an Illustration last week, are being erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Messrs. John Burnet and Son, architects, and Mr. C. C. Lindsay, C.E., of St. Vincent-street, Glasgow.

Our Portraits of new members of the House of Commons are mostly from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street; also, by Mr. Franz Baum (Disderi), of Brook-street; Mr. Barraud, Oxford-street; Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton; Valentine and Sons, Dundee; and Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, her Majesty's printers, have been appointed the sole agents for the sale of Acts of Parliament, and other Government publications and papers, from Jan. 1, 1887, and that the business will be carried on at their present office, for the sale of Acts of Parliament and Parliamentary papers, in East Harding-street, Fetter-lane, E.C.

The inmates of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption had a great treat on Tuesday evening, when the weekly entertainment was given by Messrs. Carpenter and Westley, of Regent-street. It consisted of a series of beautiful dissolving views of an infinite variety of interesting places at home and abroad, including scenes in Egypt, the Soudan war, and a portrait of the hero Gordon. A selection of bright and appropriate music was given by Mr. E. Wilmott Renshaw.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17.

Nearly all financial business has come to be very quiet. In the money market, three months' bills are discounted at less than 1½ per cent, while in the Stock Exchange the best securities are still rising in value, in the face of something like torpor as regards speculative business. Consols, Indian, colonial, and municipal issues are all higher than they were a week ago. There is also some rebound in British railways, the change in the weather giving rise to expectations of larger traffic returns. But the most conspicuous activity is in the market for American railways. Several descriptions are very much better, and the prospect is generally good. The plan for restoring the Philadelphia and Reading property to a working basis has had a most beneficial effect upon the company's own securities, and, indirectly, upon the market generally. A good business continues to be done in Canadian and some other railways, including several of the Argentine classes.

From the accounts of the National Steamship Company, Limited, it appears that the working for the year 1885 has resulted in a balance of £26,663 to the credit of profit and loss. This shows decided improvement upon the previous year, when £57,063 had to be taken from the reserve fund to balance the profit and loss account. The preference shareholders, however, are still without dividend, and £24,734 is owing to them on account of the four half-years ended December last. The ordinary shareholders have received nothing since the year 1882, when 5 per cent was paid.

Indian gold-mining properties, which had for a long time almost fallen out of sight, have during the past few months emerged from their obscurity, attention being directed to them mainly owing to the favourable working returns published by the directors of the Mysore Gold-Mining Company, Limited. The annual report of this undertaking has now been issued, and shows a profit of £1676, exclusive of £106 obtained on the sale of forfeited shares. For the year to September, 1884, the expenditure exceeded the receipts by £8620.

On behalf of the Government of New Zealand, notice is given that the 5-30 4½ per cent bonds of that colony will be paid off on Aug. 1 next; but holders have the option, up to the end of March, to accept, in lieu of cash, £101 of 4 per cent inscribed stock. The bond surrendered must include the August coupon; and the new stock will include interest from Feb. 1.

It is satisfactory to find some improvement in the financial affairs of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society, Limited. For several half-years the working has not been sufficiently remunerative to admit of a dividend on the ordinary capital, but the for past six months a distribution at the rate of 1½ per cent per annum is to be made.

For the second half of last year, the London Road-Car Company paid a dividend of 5 per cent per annum, being the same rate as for the previous six months. Previous to that, the experience of the company was unfavourable, and early last year £4 per share was written off capital, reducing the total to £41,802 in £6 shares.

Although not doing quite so well as in previous years, the Scottish American Investment Company is yet able to make the substantial distribution of 12½ per cent, as the result of the past year's trading. For the four years to December 1884, 15 per cent per annum was paid.

For the past year the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company will pay a dividend of 20 per cent, or the same rate as for the previous nine years. This is inclusive of the interim distribution of 5 per cent already made.

The General Steam Navigation Company's available balance for the past half-year is only equal to 2½ per cent per annum on the 1874 preference shares, leaving the 1877 preference shares and the ordinary shares without anything.

The revenue of the North London Tramways Company admits of the preference dividend being paid in full. This was the experience in the two previous half-years also.

The Anglo-Foreign Banking Company, Limited, declare a dividend of 8s. 6d. per share for 1885, which is the same as for 1884 and 1883.

For the third consecutive year, the dividend of the Atlantic First Leased Lines Rental Trust is 4 per cent.

A dividend of 8 per cent is again announced by the Scottish Accident Insurance Company, Limited. T. S.

The Chamber of Shipping met on the 12th inst., when Mr. Anderson, who was chosen president for the year, gave an address on matters affecting the shipping interest, and a number of resolutions were adopted dealing with the rights and responsibilities of shipowners and the safety of navigation. In the evening the members dined together, under the chairmanship of the newly-elected president.

Both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury met at Westminster on Tuesday, and in the Upper House an address to the Queen, reviewing the principal ecclesiastical events of the past six years, was adopted. The House of Laymen—a new body, which owes its existence to Convocation—also held its first meeting on Tuesday. Several distinguished peers and commoners took part in the proceedings. The Archbishop presided, and referred to the questions of the equalisation of clerical incomes and the reform of Church patronage.

A full meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper on "Final Cause," by Professor Dabney, of Texas University, was read, in which he pointed out that we found in all nature structures and organs specially adapted to natural ends, in which there was so much of special contrivance as to indicate a mind acting behind the scenes. Among other points touched on was the untransmutability of species, in which Professor Dabney showed that in each separate species there was a difference in their framework involving most refined and minute molecular arrangements which presented a barrier to the transmutability of species which was the cause of the perfect order in the scheme of nature, of which we had instances even when we traced the flora and fauna back to the fossils in the rocks. Professor G. G. Stokes, F.R.S., and other members, took part in the discussion. Several new members were elected.

A serious riot took place in Leicester on Thursday week with reference to a strike. Some of the factories were attacked, the windows being wrecked, and in some cases the machinery injured. The police charged the mob, but owing to the great number of the rioters, were able only to arrest four. Rioting was resumed the next day, factories being attacked and windows broken. A meeting, called by the Mayor, was held in the evening, at which efforts were made to arrange the differences between employers and employed. The representatives of the operatives strongly denounced the "outrage-mongers," who, they said, had disgraced the cause of labour. Rioting was renewed on Monday, and the mob emptied a cart of turnips in order to provide themselves with missiles for window-breaking. A mob of two thousand people were driven into a lane, where a free fight ensued with the police, which ended in the rioters running away in all directions.



## OBITUARY.

## THE COUNTESS OF ROTHES.

The Right Hon. Henrietta Anderson Morshead, Countess of Rothes, and Baroness Leslie and Ballenbreich, in the Peerage of Scotland, a Peeress in her own right, died at Leslie House, Fife, on the 10th inst., aged fifty-four. Her Ladyship was the only daughter of

George William Evelyn, twelfth Earl of Rothes, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of her only brother, the thirteenth Earl, Jan. 2, 1859. She married, Jan. 22, 1861, the Hon. George Waldegrave, third son of the eighth Earl Waldegrave, who assumed the additional surname of Leslie. There was no issue of the marriage, and the ancient earldom of Rothes, which dates from the year 1457, devolves on the deceased Peeress's aunt, Lady Mary Haworth, now Countess of Rothes, who was born July 9, 1811, and married, Aug. 11, 1835, Mr. Martin E. Haworth, 60th Rifles, of Barham Wood, Herts, by whom she has had several children: the eldest son, Martin Leslie Leslie, assumed, by Royal License, in 1865, the surname of Leslie in lieu of his patronymic, and died in 1882, leaving a son, Norman Evelyn, born in 1877, and three daughters.

## VISCOUNT CARDWELL.

The Right Hon. Edward, Viscount Cardwell, of Ellerbeck, in the county of Lancashire, P.C., D.C.L., M.A., died on the 15th inst. This eminent statesman was born July 24, 1813, the elder son of the late Mr. John Cardwell, of Liverpool, and was educated at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated, double first, in 1835. In 1838 he was called to the Bar, in 1842 returned to Parliament for Clitheroe, in 1845

appointed Secretary to the Treasury, in 1847 elected M.P. for Liverpool, in 1852 sworn of the Privy Council and made President of the Board of Trade, in 1853 chosen M.P. for Oxford, and in 1859 constituted Chief Secretary for Ireland, and a member of the Cabinet. From 1861 to 1864 he held office as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, from 1864 to 1866 as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and from 1868 to 1874 as Secretary of State for War. In the last-named year, on March 6, he was raised to the Peerage. He married, Aug. 14, 1833, Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, of Fairlie, Ayrshire, but had no issue. The title becomes, consequently, extinct.

## LORD FORESTER.

The Right Hon. George Cecil Weld, third Lord Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire, a General in the Army, died on the 14th inst. He was born May 10, 1807, the second son of Cecil Weld Forester, of Willey Park, first Lord Forester, by Katharine Mary, his wife, second daughter of the fourth Duke of

Rutland, and succeeded to the title at the death of his elder brother, Oct. 10, 1874. He married, Nov. 8, 1862, the Hon. Mary Anne, widow of D. O. Dyce-Sombre, Esq., and only surviving daughter of the second Viscount St. Vincent, but had no issue. His Lordship was educated at Westminster, and entered the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) in 1824, retiring, as General in the Army, in 1877. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to George IV. and William IV., and Comptroller of the Household in 1852 and from 1858 to 1859. Previously to his accession to the Peerage, he sat in the House of Commons as Conservative member for Wenlock from 1828 to 1874. His brother and heir, the Hon. and Rev. Orlando Watkin Weld Forester, now fourth Lord, was born April 18, 1813; is Rector of Gedling, and Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of York; he has been twice married.

## LORD WAVENEY.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Alexander Shafto Adair, Lord Waveney, of South Elmham, Suffolk, and a Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Antrim, Hon. Colonel Suffolk Artillery, and A.D.C. to the Queen, died on the 15th inst. He was born Aug. 25, 1811, the elder son of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, Bart., of Flixton Hall, Suffolk, and grandson of Mr. William Adair, of Ballymena, county Antrim, by Camilla, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. Robert Shafto, of Benwell, Northumberland. He sat in the House of Commons, in the Liberal interest, for Cambridge, 1847 to 1852, and from 1854 to 1857, and contested East Suffolk unsuccessfully on various occasions. The title of Waveney, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, was conferred on him April 10, 1873, but it now becomes extinct; the Baronetcy of Adair devolves, however, on Lord Waveney's brother, Hugh Edward, born Dec. 26, 1815, late M.P. for Ipswich, who is married and has issue.

## THE VERY REV. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

The Very Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal of St. Andrew's University, died at Torquay on the 13th inst. He was born in 1823, and entered the United College of St. Andrew's in his fifteenth year. After obtaining a church in Dundee, and at Kittina, in Forfarshire, he succeeded Principal Haldane as head of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, and as

Professor of Divinity there. He was an eloquent preacher, an able writer, and a theological scholar. Among the principal offices held by him were that of one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal and that of Dean of the Order of the Thistle.

## SIR W. H. KELLETT, BART.

Sir William Henry Kellett, second Baronet, died at his residence, Mespil-road, Dublin, in his ninety-second year. He was the second son of Sir Richard Kellett, of Lota, on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1801; and succeeded to the title at the death of his father in 1853. The honour now devolves, under the limitation of the patent, on the deceased Baronet's cousin, Sir William Kellett, as third Baronet.

## GENERAL CUSTANCE.

General William Neville Custance, C.B., Colonel of the 11th Hussars, died at Brookheath, Salisbury, on the 7th inst., in his seventy-fifth year. This distinguished officer was second son of the late Mr. Hambleton Thomas Custance, of Weston, Norfolk, and younger brother of the present Sir Hambleton Francis Custance, of Weston, K.C.B. He entered the Army in 1831; served in the Crimea, at the Battle of Tchernaya and the fall of Sebastopol; and during the Indian Mutiny, commanding the whole of the Irregular Cavalry at the storming of Delhi. For his services he received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council, was frequently mentioned in despatches, and was given the decoration of C.B. He became full General in 1880, and held the Colonelcy of the 11th Hussars since 1875. He was twice married.

## MR. P. H. PEPYS.

Mr. Philip Henry Pepys, late Registrar in Bankruptcy, died on the 6th inst. at Brighton, aged sixty-one. He was elder son of Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester, and nephew of Charles Christopher Pepys, first Earl of Cottenham, twice Lord Chancellor. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1846, and was called to the Bar in 1849. In 1855 he was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Worcester, and in 1864 Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy. He married, Dec. 14, 1848, Louisa Eleanor Anne, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Disbrowe.

## MR. WALBANKE CHILDERS.

Mr. John Walbanke Childers, M.A., of Cantley, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., died there, on the 8th inst., in his eighty-eighth year. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Walbanke Childers, of Cantley, by the Hon. Selina Eardley, his wife, third daughter and co-heir of Sampson, Lord Eardley; was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford; and sat in Parliament for the county of Cambridge 1833 to 1834, and for Malton 1836 to 1852. His politics were Liberal. He married, first, in 1824, Anne, only daughter of Sir Francis Lindley Wood, Bart.; and secondly, in 1866, Selina, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Radford, of Tansley Wood, Derbyshire, who survives him. By his first wife he had one son, Rowland (a Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards), and two daughters, Charlotte (married to H. Wollaston Blake, Esq.) and Lucy (married to Lord Auckland). Captain Rowland Childers died in 1855, leaving an only daughter, Rowlanda, who succeeds to the Cantley estate. The Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, M.P., the Home Secretary, is nephew of the deceased gentleman.

## MAJOR PRICE.

Major William Edwin Price, J.P., M.P. for Tewkesbury, in the Liberal interest, from 1868 to 1880, died on the 10th inst. He was born in 1841, the only son of Mr. William Philip Price, of Tibberton Court, Gloucestershire, J.P. and D.L., late M.P. for Gloucester; was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; and held a commission in the 36th Regiment. He was subsequently Major Royal South Gloucestershire Militia.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Benjamin John Chauval Prior, late Madras Staff Corps, on the 3rd inst., at Dinan, France.

Mr. Henry Harwood Harwood, J.P. and D.L. for Middlesex, on the 6th inst., at Gissing Hall, Norfolk, aged seventy-six.

The Rev. Henry Burgess, LL.D., for twenty-five years Vicar of Whittlesey, St. Andrew, on the 10th inst., aged seventy-eight.

Colonel Francis Corbet-Singleton, C.B., Commander 28th Bombay Infantry, on the 18th ult., at sea, on board the P. and O. steamer Malwa.

Mr. Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian, on the 11th inst., at King's College, Cambridge, aged fifty-four. He was King's Scholar, at Eton, in 1847, and was elected to a Fellowship at King's in 1854.

Mr. Randolph Caldecott, one of the most original and pleasing of humourist artists, on the 12th inst., aged forty, at St. Augustine, in Florida. We hope to be able to give Mr. Caldecott's Portrait next week.

Angus Macdonald, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., the well-known medical practitioner in Edinburgh, on the 10th inst., in his fiftieth year. He was physician to the Royal Infirmary, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Colonel George Thomson, C.B., late Bengal Engineers, on the 10th inst., at Leeson Park, Dublin, aged eighty-six. He entered the Bengal Army in 1815; was Commanding Engineer at the invasion of Burmah in 1824, and Chief Engineer of the Army of the Indus at the capture of Ghuznee.

The annual meeting of the Provident Association of Warehousemen, Travellers, and Clerks has been announced for Friday evening, the 19th inst., at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street. This association has proved of great assistance to its members during the great depression of business, and, after having paid £2000 in claims and medical fees, has been enabled to put aside £800 on the year's working.

A Government prosecution has been instituted against Messrs. Hyndman, Burns, Champion, and Williams, of the "Social Democratic Federation," for maliciously and seditiously inciting the mob to violence on Monday week. They were brought before the police magistrate, at Bow-street, on Wednesday last. The shopkeepers and others, whose premises were attacked, claim £11,000 for damages. The Home Secretary has ordered an inquiry into the action of the Metropolitan Police.

The "Club" Tandem, manufactured by the Coventry Machinists' Company, Limited, is certainly a most complete and satisfactory machine. In it we find a combination of three distinct tricycles. The back part is easily removed by unscrewing two nuts and screws, thus leaving a front-steering single machine, called the "Imperial Club." In the same manner, the front part is removed, and a "Sandringham Club," or Humber pattern machine, remains. Another great advantage possessed by this tandem is the distance between the two riders. It is supplied with a brake for each rider; and can also be fitted with double steering gear, to enable the rear rider also to steer. The care and ingenuity which have been displayed in its manufacture are worthy of much praise.

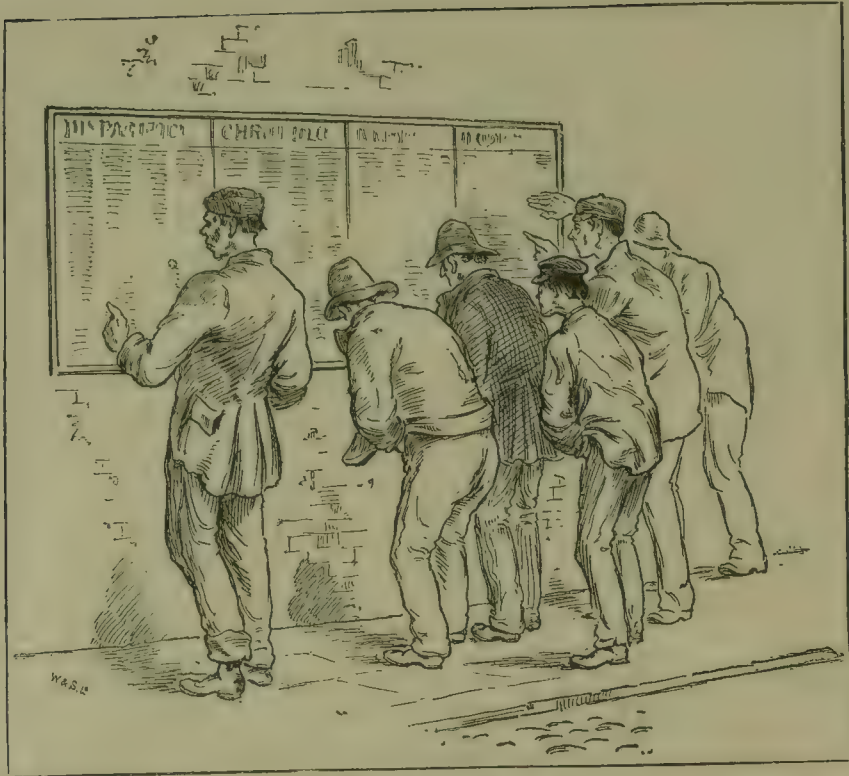
## ART EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., in his trilogy of "Jephthah's Daughter" (German Galleries, 160, New Bond-street), returns once more to Eastern life for a subject. He has, doubtless, amassed so extensive a collection of studies and memorials of Palestine and Syria that he feels bound to give his less travelled fellow-countrymen the benefits of his explorations, as well as the results of his archaeological studies. In the line of art chosen by Mr. Long he has not a few distinguished fellow-workers, notably Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Weguelin, &c.; but with all respect for the high qualities and learned research of these gentlemen, we have some hesitation in according to them a very high place, apart from that due to their technical powers, in the history of contemporary art. Mr. Long himself appears to feel this, for into the first panel of this colossal "triptych," as we may almost call it, he has thrown a poetry and natural vigour which give it a distinct charm. Jephthah's daughter is represented "among the mountains," surrounded by her companions, steeling her courage to meet the fate to which her father's rash vow has condemned her. In the pose of the girl on the rock, looking heavenwards for help and comfort, there is, we think, even more pathos than in the more imposing scene of the meeting of Jephthah and his daughter after the defeat of the Children of Annam, which forms the subject of the principal picture. In this work, on which Mr. Long has showered the wealth of his Eastern experiences, the central group in the foreground is Jephthah descending from his chariot to meet his daughter, who has come out of his house, surrounded by her maidens, to greet, with timbrels and dances, the victors' return. Jephthah has already spoken the sad words which announce the end of all his daughter's joys and happiness under the sun; and not the least successful bit of the picture is the quiet, dignified resignation with which the daughter has heard her doom, and the wrapt ecstasy with which he realises how she has become the hostage of her father's pact. The background shows us the victorious army, laden with spoil, winding its way into the walled city of Mizpeh, the home of Jephthah, as of Samuel; and the motley crowd is, as may be expected, rendered with Mr. Edwin Long's accustomed skill, and in accordance with antiquarian research. In the third scene, we have the girl lying on her funeral pyre, ready for the burnt sacrifice, surrounded by her sorrowing friends and heart-broken father. In the figure of the kneeling girl, kissing the victim's feet, there is the expression of genuine devotional feeling; but the father's pose is somewhat conventional and dramatic. In the clouds above, the shadowy forms of angels bearing away the martyr are interwoven with the clouds which hang over the solemn scene. The surrounding pictures—"Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., which are exhibited in the same gallery, and of which we spoke at the time of their first appearance—enable us to mark the changes of Mr. Long's method; and we think that "Jephthah's Vow" will compare favourably with his previous works.

The portrait of the Queen, now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's (Pall-mall, East), is not without a certain dignity, and its interest is enhanced by the knowledge that it is in all probability the last portrait for which her Majesty will give prolonged sittings. The present work, which is of life size, and is intended for the family portrait-gallery at Buckingham Palace, represents the Queen in profile, standing on a sort of raised dais against a dull stone-coloured background. She is dressed in a black satin dress, with a long train, trimmed with ermine, and wears the ribbon of the Garter and other orders, together with a small diamond crown on the top of her head. Professor Von Angeli shows very considerable skill in the arrangement of the drapery, and, without any violent exaggeration of the truth, he succeeds in giving to the Queen's figure an appearance of imposing majesty, which will allow her portrait to figure with advantage beside the portraits of her ancestors and predecessors on the throne, as handed down to us by the Court painters of their day. On the delicate question of how far our own painters would have succeeded in producing a better portrait of the Sovereign, we feel some scruples of entering—*comparaison n'est pas raison*—but we cannot help placing ourselves in the point of view of some future generations, when the question will necessarily arise, to the obvious detriment of either our national art or of the Court discrimination.

The spring exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) differs but slightly from its predecessors, except that the general level of the works is somewhat higher. This in itself is satisfactory in a gallery which aims at offering hospitality to new-comers; and it is not improbable that many of these, who are now content to see their works hung in Conduit-street, will ere long be looking, as a matter of right, for wall-space in Piccadilly. In works of this nature technical execution rather than original thought is necessarily most prominent, and one feels at once that, admirable in many respects as is Miss Stacpoole's portrait of "Miss Richards" (152), it owes its origin to Mr. Herkomer's portrait of "Miss Grant," exhibited last year at Burlington House. Mr. Percy Belgrave's "Summer Afternoon" (114), a sylvan scene, conceived in the modern French style, is clever, and in parts powerful, especially in the rendering of the subdued light through the thick foliage; and Mr. E. H. Holder's "Winding Valley" (40) is one of three works by the same artist which show more than usual promise in landscape-painting. Mr. R. M. Chevalier's "Bossington" (30), a view up the main street of a sleepy Somersetshire village, has some good qualities, marred by a want of that power which can eliminate from a scene its harsh elements without destroying its truthfulness—an obstacle which Mr. H. Trevor Haddon surmounts with no little skill in the "Old Manor House, Bucklebury" (45); Mr. Will. Anderson, in his "Kentish Cottages" (52); and Mr. Hamilton Marr, in his "Wild Shore, near Tantallan" (209). Possibly, some persons may feel an interest in the works of Herr Schmiechen, the painter in ordinary to the Theosophists; but we hardly think that to ordinary mortals "The Good-bye at Sunset" (195) and "Alma" (79) will convey the idea that a very high level of art is required from members of the society. On the other hand, we are fearful to say anything disparaging of an art we do not understand, but of which, to ordinary beings, "smugness" would seem to be a leading characteristic. Amongst the water colours there are several pretty works, of which not a few exhibit originality as well as good taste. Mr. F. P. Barraud's street scenes are always welcome, and in such works as the "Church of St. Maclou" (348), the "Market-place, Abbeville" (309), he is more than ordinarily successful. Miss M. Grose's "Faubourg de Pollet, Dieppe" (322), aims somewhat higher and gives more than an exact reproduction of tiles and stone carvings; just as Miss Pradez seems to us to have caught a fresh side of Venice in her "Early Morning on the Lagoon" (424), where both sky and water are rendered with more than ordinary skill. Mr. John Sowden's "Nuremberg" (434) and "Exeter Cathedral" (366); Miss Alice White's "Moonlight Scene" (481), and Signor Guardabassi's "Please Buy a Flower" (366) and "A Refreshing Draught" (368), are among the other noteworthy pictures of the room.





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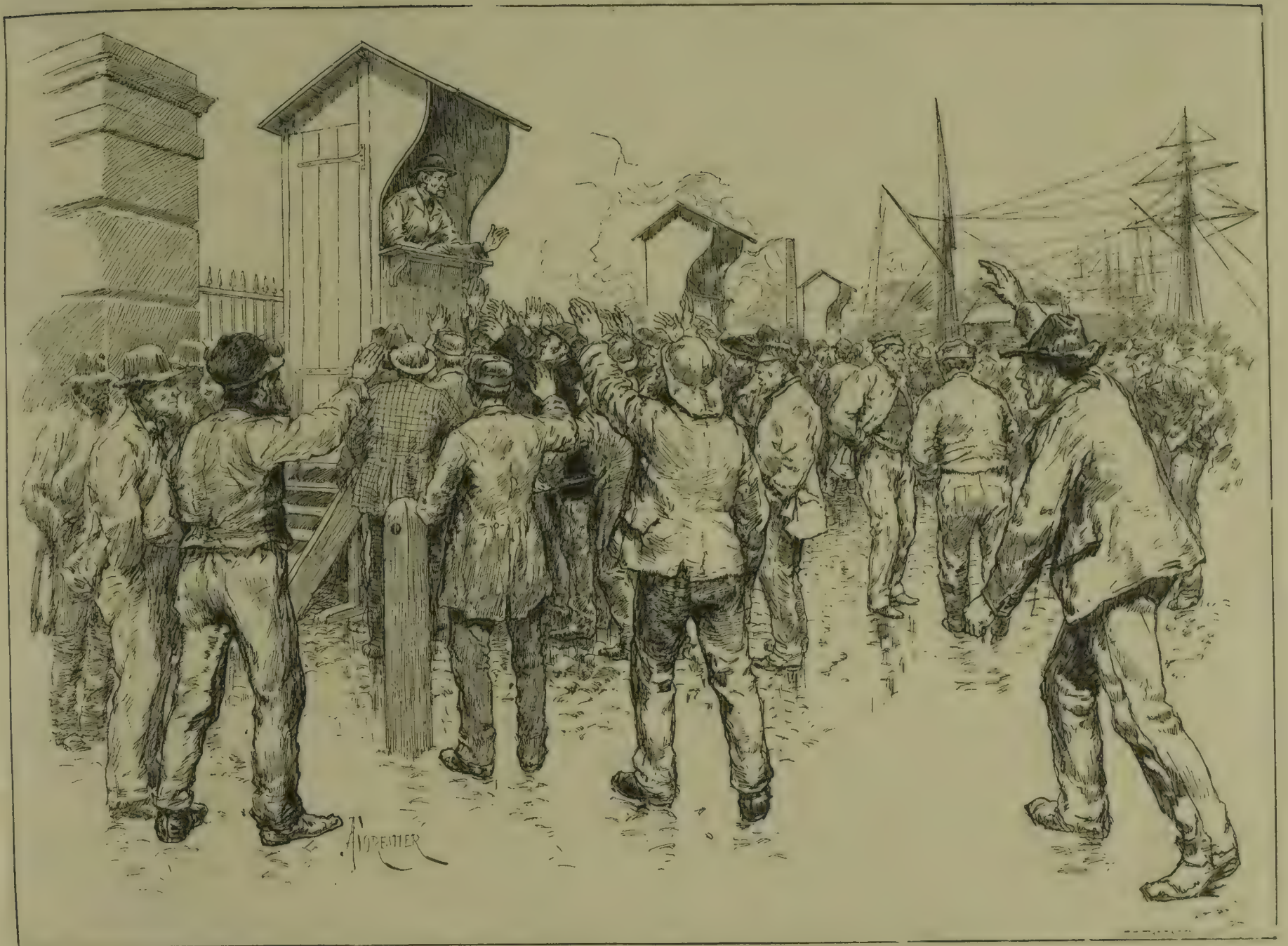
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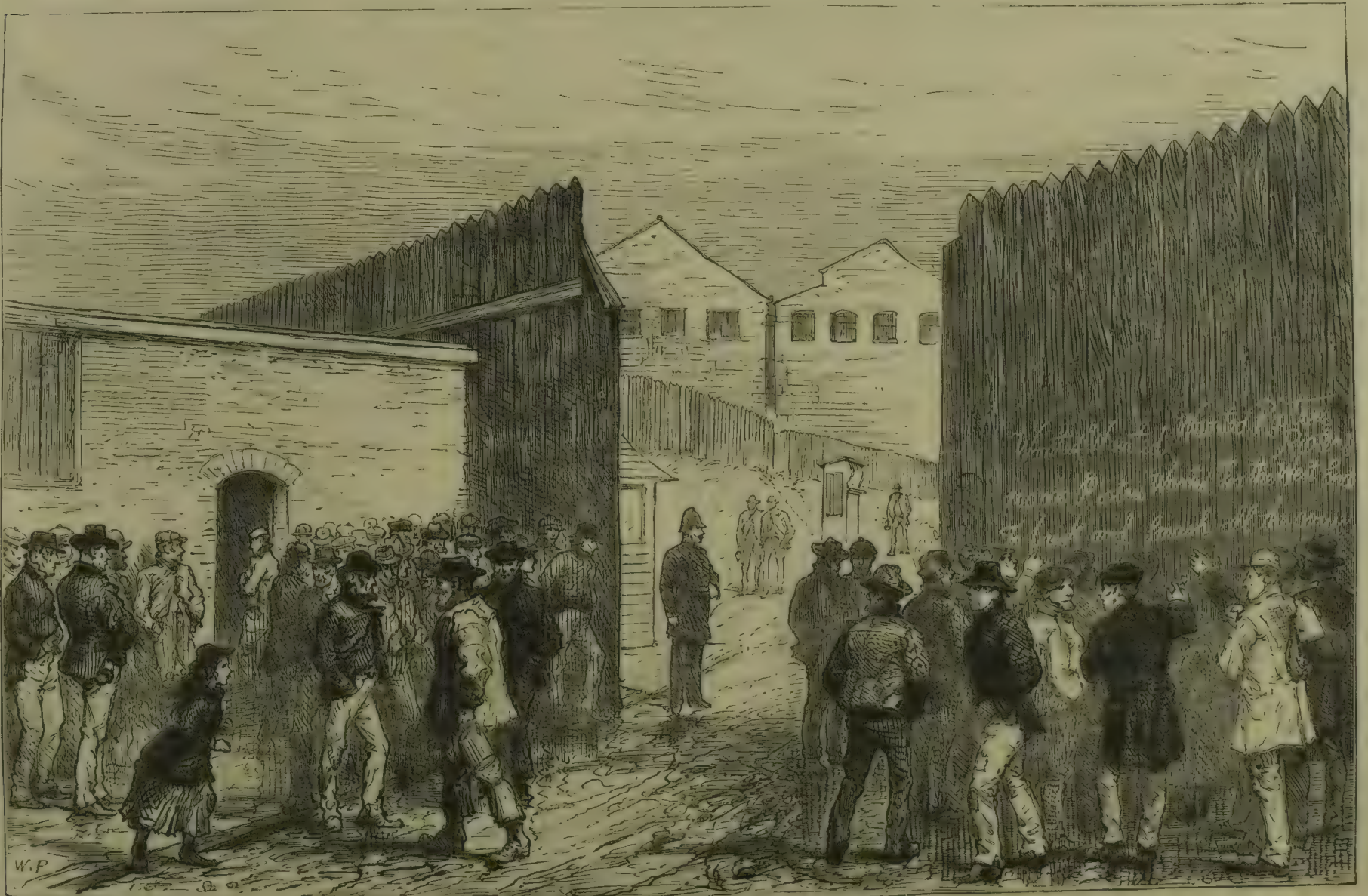
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## THE COURT.

By special command of the Queen, the 2nd Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, under the command of Colonel A. C. Nightingale, marched from Parkhurst Barracks on Thursday week to Osborne, for the purpose of being inspected by her Majesty. The regiment, a little over three hundred strong, equipped in "bivouac" order, with colours, and headed by the band of pipers, having formed up near the Royal mansion about eleven o'clock, her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, witnessed the Royal march-past at the shoulder with fixed bayonets. A close inspection of the ranks followed, after which the troops again marched past, the pipers playing "Highland Laddie." This brought the inspection to a close, and the regiment then returned to head-quarters, passing through East and West Cowes en route. Before quitting the grounds, her Majesty expressed to Colonel Nightingale her extreme satisfaction at the fine soldierly bearing of the battalion under his command. Colonel Nightingale was invited to dine with her Majesty in the evening. Prince Albert Victor left Marlborough House in the morning for Aldershot. Lieutenant-Colonel Atherley, commanding the 5th Isle of Wight (Princess Beatrice's Volunteer Battalion), and Commander May, of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family on Friday. Lieutenant Cameron, of the 93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had the honour of being presented to her Majesty in the evening. Sir Edward Thornton, G.C.B., her Majesty's Ambassador at the Porte, arrived at Osborne, and had an audience of the Queen previous to his departure for Constantinople. The Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, M.A., also arrived at Osborne. Her Majesty received with the deepest concern last Saturday the news of the death of Principal Tulloch, one of the most distinguished divines of the Church of Scotland, and for whom the Queen had the greatest regard. On Sunday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service, the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng officiating. The Queen left Osborne on Tuesday morning and arrived at Windsor Castle early in the afternoon. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Duchess of Albany, with her children, left Claremont House for Windsor Castle, where her Royal Highness will stay on a visit to the Queen. Wednesday was the anniversary of the Duchess's birth. Apartments are being prepared at Windsor Castle for the Duchess of Connaught, whose accouchement is expected to take place in March. The Queen has contributed £500 towards the Mansion House fund for the relief of the unemployed; and has sent £100 to the Countess of Dufferin's fund in support of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. His Royal Highness was present, on the previous day, at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the trustees of the British Museum. On Monday the Prince paid a visit to the Kingsclere racing stables, where he has several horses in training by Mr. John Porter, the well-known trainer. His Royal Highness witnessed the work of the horses on the downs, and subsequently partook of luncheon at Park House, Kingsclere, the residence of Mr. Porter. The Prince has written to the Lord Mayor expressing sympathy for the unemployed, and subscribing 250 guineas to the Mansion House Fund. The Duke of Edinburgh has subscribed £50 to the fund. The Prince dined with the members of the Navy Club (Thatched House) of 1785 at Willis's Rooms in the evening.

Prince and Princess Christian, who have been visiting Professor Max Müller at Oxford, where their eldest son, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, is being educated, returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, on Monday evening. The Princess inaugurated on Tuesday afternoon a series of free dinners for the Windsor poor, when about 200 boys and girls were entertained. The meals, consisting of soup, bread, and plum-pudding, were given in the Guildhall, in the presence of her Royal Highness (who assisted in serving) and the Mayor. They will be continued every Tuesday and Thursday.

Princess Louise opened on Monday a new building for the Maida-Vale High School for Girls. The institution is one of thirty belonging to the Girls' Public Day School Company (Limited), of which her Royal Highness is patroness. The company was founded fourteen years ago, at a meeting in the Princess's rooms, Kensington Palace, its object being to improve the higher education of girls.

The Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday presented commissions to the gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich who were successful in the recent examinations for the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers.

Sir Edmund Beckett, upon whom her Majesty has conferred the dignity of a peerage, will take the title of Baron Grimsthorpe. Sir Charles Mills's new title will be Baron Hillingdon; Sir Henry Allsopp becomes Baron Hindlip.

The Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone entertained the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Earl and Countess Spencer, Lord Richard Grosvenor, the Right Hon. Sir W. and Lady Harcourt, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Mr. Leveson-Gower, and Mrs. Peel at dinner, at the First Lord of the Treasury's official residence, in Downing-street, on Tuesday evening.

Admiral Sir William Hewitt has been appointed to the command of the Channel Fleet.

Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., has been appointed to the Recordership of Liverpool, vacant by the death of Mr. Aspinall.

Lord Justice Naish was, on the 11th inst., sworn in as Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and, on the following day, the Right Hon. S. Walker, Q.C., was sworn in as Attorney-General for Ireland, and called to his place as such within the Inner Bar before the Lord Chancellor.—The State entry into Dublin of the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of Aberdeen will take place to-day (Saturday). There will be a Levée on the 23rd, and a Drawingroom on the 24th inst.

Major-General N. Stevenson, recently promoted to general officer's rank, has been appointed to the command of the troops at Cork, in place of General G. S. Young.

Lord Dynevor has announced a reduction of 20 per cent to the agricultural tenants on the Dynevor estates, Carmarthenshire, on all rents for the past half-year.—Comprising about 200 acres of arable and pasture land, the Manor Farm, at Ilkeston, the property of the Duke of Rutland, is being divided into small allotments to suit the requirements of labourers and others.

Sir W. T. Lewis has intimated to the High Constable of Merthyr that Lord Bute is prepared to give £1000 towards the erection of a hospital at Merthyr, provided two sums of £2000 at least are subscribed by other landlords, mineral agents, &c. Sir William Lewis also promises £100.

The Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House last Saturday evening to the Duke of Edinburgh, Master, and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, and a distinguished company invited to meet them. The occasion was of the nature of a farewell to his Royal Highness prior to his departure from England to take command of the Mediterranean squadron. Among the speakers were the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl Granville, and the Marquis of Salisbury.

## MUSIC.

The excellent Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed last week, after the customary interval allowed for the run of Christmas and New-Year's entertainments. Last week's concert was the eleventh of the thirtieth series, and the day was devoted to performances of Dvorák's dramatic cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," and his "Patriotic Hymn," the latter having been the commencing piece. The cantata has already been commented on by us in noticing its successful production at last year's Birmingham Festival, and its first London performance—with a similar result—recently at the fourth of Novello's oratorio concerts, when the "Patriotic Hymn" was also performed. On Saturday the works had the advantage of the co-operation of the fine choir of Novello's oratorio concerts, the conductor of which, Mr. Mackenzie, directed the performances. Again Madame Albani and Mr. Santley gave the soprano and baritone solo music to perfection; the tenor music—first rendered by the late Mr. Maas, and recently by Mr. E. Lloyd—having been assigned to Mr. B. McGuckin, who acquitted himself well in his arduous task. The performance altogether was a very fine one; the cantata having produced a marked impression on an exceptionally large audience.

As briefly announced last week, the Sacred Harmonic Society performed Gounod's latest oratorio, "Mors et Vita," on the Friday evening, when the vocal soloists were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The excellent rendering of their important solo music by the three last-named artists has before been commented on, and was again an important feature. In replacing Madame Albani in the soprano solos, Mrs. Hutchinson undertook an arduous task; but she fulfilled it well, and gave her music with artistic taste and refinement. With a few small exceptions, the elaborate choral and orchestral details were effectively realised; and the performance was judiciously conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings. At the next concert of the society, on March 2, Haydn's "Creation" will be given.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's sacred cantata, "The Martyr of Antioch," conducted by himself, was grandly performed, last week, at the seventh concert of the fifteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The work was first produced at the Leeds Festival of 1880, and was then, and in reference to subsequent performances elsewhere, fully commented on. It contains much fine music, both in the graceful and impressive styles, and it and its composer were enthusiastically received. The soprano and tenor solo music was admirably rendered, respectively, by Madame Albani and Mr. E. Lloyd; Mr. B. Foote having been efficient in that for baritone, some subordinate bass passages having been assigned to Mr. Horscroft. The late Dr. Hiller's "Song of Victory" (conducted by Mr. Barnby) closed the concert. The soprano solos in this were very effectively sung by Miss Pauline Cramer.

The first public performance by students of the operatic class of the Royal Academy of Music took place at the Haymarket Theatre last week, when "Jessy Lea" was given. This pleasing operetta was produced for the German Reed's entertainment, the libretto being by the late Mr. John Oxenford, the music by Sir G. A. Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Last week's representation was, we believe,

the first occasion of the piece being heard with orchestral accompaniments, by which, of course, its effect was greatly enhanced. The character of Jessy Lea, Elspeth (the young gipsy girl), Gilbert Ashford, and Hugh Tempest, were fairly well sustained, respectively, by Mrs. Wilson-Osman, Miss S. Fenn, Mr. L. Kellie, and Mr. M. Tufnail—but the performance is to be regarded rather as an evidence of pupils' progress than of artistic fulfilment.

At last Saturday's afternoon Popular Concert Mdlle. Kleeberg re-appeared as solo pianist, and played with admirable mechanism and style Bach's Italian concerto, and a prelude and fugue by the same composer; besides sustaining the principal part in Beethoven's sonata with violin, Op. 23, and in Schumann's second trio. Other features of the programme call for no comment, beyond the fact that Mr. R. Gompertz was an efficient leading violinist, Mr. A. Gibson was the violist, Mr. E. Howell the violoncellist, and Mr. Henschel the vocalist, with Mr. Frantzen as accompanist.

The performance of "Sappho" at the Opera Comique last week has already been briefly referred to by us, and requires but little further comment. As then said, it took place for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, and was to be repeated this week—on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The libretto, by Dr. Harry Lobb, deals freely with the old Greek legend of the loves of Sappho and Phaon; the music, by Mr. W. Slaughter, consisting largely of an orchestral accompaniment to spoken dialogue. Miss Harriet Jay sustained the part of the heroine with much effect in its dramatic aspect; Misses Shirley and Arnold, and Mr H. Coffin having been prominent in the musical portion of the performances. The cast included Miss Merrill as Venus, and Mdlle. Luna (a clever dancer) as Fauna.

At the Albert Palace, Battersea, music continues to form a feature in the varied entertainments provided. Mr. Sims Reeves's sixth concert took place there (in the Connaught Hall) on Saturday evening, when the great tenor sang some of his popular songs, besides which Miss M. Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, other soloists, and the Vocal Union contributed to a varied programme.

This week's music included the second chamber concert (at Prince's Hall) of Mr. Charles Wade—a rising vocalist—the first of Mr. Isidore De Lara's new series of vocal recitals; at Steinway Hall; another of Mr. John Boosey's attractive London ballad concerts, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon; Mr. A. Hartvigson's pianoforte recital, at the same time, at Prince's Hall; Mr. E. F. Buels' concert in the evening, in the same room; the evening concert of Miss E. Sturmfels (pianist), also at Prince's Hall; on Thursday, a students' concert of the Royal College of Music, Kensington, at the same time; a similar concert of the Royal Academy of Music students at St. James's Hall, and one of Madame Viard-Louis' interesting Beethoven concerts, at Prince's Hall, both yesterday (Friday) afternoon; an "Ammoniphone" concert, at Holloway Hall, in the evening; and the second Crystal Palace concert of the year this (Saturday) afternoon. Mr. C. Wade—as being comparatively new to the profession—deserves special mention. He is apparently making way, judging by the favourable reception he met with at his concert this week, when he was not only applauded, but also encored, in one of his songs. Vocal pieces were likewise contributed by Mrs. Hutchinson; and instrumental performances by Miss Fanny Davies (pianoforte), M. Tivadar Nachéz (violin), and M. Hollman (violoncello). Mr. Wade's third concert takes place on March 5.

M. Lubimoff has been engaged for a series of dramatic recitals and ballad concerts at the Prince's Saloon, one of the new buildings in connection with the Royal Agricultural Hall, commencing on Saturday, the 20th inst.

A portion of the exhibition building which is being erected at Liverpool fell on Tuesday afternoon. Thirteen men were injured, two dangerously.

A bazaar, in aid of the building fund of St. Clement's, Fulham, will be held in the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge, on Thursday, May 27, and two following days, under distinguished patronage. The church, which is in course of erection, at the corner of Crab Tree-lane, Fulham Palace-road, will be completed in June. It is hoped that the sum of £1000 may be raised, in order that the Bishop of London may consecrate the church free of debt.

The marriage of Mr. Richard N. Rycroft (Rifle Brigade), eldest son of Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart., of Kempshott Park, Hants, with the Lady Dorothea Wallop, fourth daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, was solemnised in Eggesford church, Devon, on the 11th inst. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. W. Rycroft, his brother, as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Ladies Margaret and Henrietta Wallop, sisters of the bride, Miss Rycroft, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Violet Ogilvy, cousin of the bride and bridegroom. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, the Earl of Portsmouth, who gave her away. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. Norman Ogilvy, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham, Rector of Eggesford. The Earl and Countess of Eggesford afterwards entertained the wedding party at breakfast, and later the newly-wedded couple started for The Lake, Penwood, Hants, lent by the Earl of Carnarvon, uncle of the bride, for the honeymoon.

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**COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.**

**NEW ZEALAND.**—To the Holders of New Zealand Government Four-and-a-Half per Cent Five-Thirty Debentures, issued under Acts of the General Assembly of New Zealand, intituled respectively the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1870, the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1873, and the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1874.

The Government of New Zealand hereby give notice that the outstanding FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT FIVE-THIRTY DEBENTURES, issued under the above Acts, will be PAID OFF at par on Aug. 1, 1886, at the offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, in Downing-street, London, after which date interest will cease.

The Debentures must be left at the offices aforesaid for examination three clear days prior to payment. For the Government of New Zealand, P. D. BELL, PENROSE & G. JULYAN, Stock and Conveyance Agents, of said Government, No. 7, Westminster-church-lane, London, Jan. 28, 1886.

With reference to the preceding advertisement, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that, on behalf of the agents appointed by the Governor in Council under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, the Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild Julyan, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to inform holders of the Four-and-a-half per Cent Five-Thirty Debentures that they may, at their option, receive instead of cash, payable as above mentioned, Four per Cent New Zealand Stock, inscribable on or after April 2, 1886, with dividends payable half-yearly on May 1 and Nov. 1, on the following terms:—

For every £100 in debentures surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due on Aug. 1 next attached £100 of Four per Cent New Zealand Stock, bearing interest from Feb. 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2, 1886.

Holders who desire to exchange on these terms must deposit their debentures at the Chief Cashier's office, Bank of England, not later than Tuesday, March 30 next, when the option will cease.

The annual drawings, with coupons attached for the interest from Feb. 1 to April 30 (payable May 1 next), will be issued in exchange for the debentures.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock, or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, Jan. 28, 1886.

**NEW ZEALAND.**—Further Conversions of the Public Debt.—The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice, that, on behalf of the Agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, and Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild Julyan, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the debentures of the undermentioned Loans to bring in their DEBENTURES for CONVERSION on the following terms:—

**FIVE PER CENT CONSOLS (Annual Drawings).** For every £100 in Consols Debentures, from which the coupon due April 15 next must be detached, a new Debenture for the same amount, bearing interest payable quarterly at Five per Cent for six years from April 15, 1886, to April 15, 1892 when it will be converted into £100 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock; or, at the option of the holder, he may receive £110s. of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2. In the latter case, Scrip Certificates, with coupon attached for the interest at 5 per cent from April 15 to April 30 (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

The annual drawing for redemption of the Consols will take place on Monday, March 15, 1886, and the Debentures brought in for conversion before that date will not be effected by the drawing.

The option hereby given to holders whose Bonds have not been drawn must be declared not later than Tuesday, March 30, 1886.

**FIVE PER CENT CONSOLS OF THE LOAN OF 1863, REDEEMABLE 1914.** For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 next attached, a new Debenture for the same amount, bearing interest payable half-yearly at 5 per cent for six years from Jan.





DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

He raised his hat, and the wind scattered his grey hairs about his head.

# THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ON BATTLE HILL.

If Elizabeth Dart was a genius—a matter which, though I have decided in her favour, truth to say, there were some to dispute—(amisfortune, however, which also happened to Shakspeare), she had none of those indolent, happy-go-lucky, take-me-in-the-humour ways which in the public mind is somehow associated with that divine gift. To some people it is almost shocking to learn that Scott was a diligent and hard worker, that Wordsworth was a man of business who practised economies; and I fear that it will arouse incredulity as to the young lady's pretensions when I confess that she was an early riser. Notwithstanding her fatigues of the previous day, and the pen-work which, as has been hinted, followed it, Miss Dart rose next morning, if not with the lark, with Janet, the little maid, who was going about her work with a song as blithe and on almost as light a wing. But, if harmony was dear to Janet, the opportunity of conversation was still more sweet. The cook and she, as she was careful to inform the visitor, made up the household in ordinary at the Look-out, though on great and rare occasions (such as the Squire's coming) the services of a charwoman were enlisted. The cook had been there ever since the mistress kept house, and was her own maternal aunt. Sometimes the springs rose at Casterton and filled the cellar, so that you would think the sea was coming in. At Whitsuntide and Michaelmas there were hiring fairs, when the place was like London Town. Mr. Matthew had been like what he was ever since she (Janet) could recollect. Was it not a pity? It was always such a pleasure to him, and indeed to all of them, to have Miss Mary there. It put new life into them—for Mr. Leyden, though he was very kind, mostly spoke of them as was

dead and gone—and raised Missus's spirits. All this information was given gratuitously, and with great volubility. It was evident that listeners were not often to be met with in Casterton, and that even such a chance as the unlocking of the front door for one of them was not to be neglected. There was nothing of fitfulness or gossip in the maiden's discourse: it flowed like a pent-up stream, to which an outlet has been miraculously afforded.

"Which is the nearest way to Battle Hill?" inquired the involuntary recipient of all this information in a moment, not of silence but of recuperation.

"I don't know, Miss," answered Janet, simply.

"Good gracious! Why, the hill just outside the town. I see it from my window, rising behind the pavilion."

"Well, I don't stir much abroad, Miss; but I suppose it will be what they call the 'Loomp.' You turn to the left and then to the right by the grocer's shop."

It was as though a denizen of Fish-street, on being requested to direct one to the Monument, had answered, "I am not a gad-about myself; but perhaps you mean what our folks call the 'Spike.'"

It was, as we have said, Miss Dart's habit to rise early; but with such a new and interesting world awaiting her as Casterton promised to prove, she could hardly have done otherwise. The poet of Nature has assured us that even in old age the sunrise still seemed to him "a glorious birth"; and to some of us who are old, and not poets, the everyday miracles, of earth, sky, and sea, have yet their attractions; but a new place that is a town, or city, which we happen never to have seen before—the mere work of men's hands—awakens in us little expectation. It is only one more ant-hill on the way to the grave. But with the young it is

different. Such matters have for them the charm of novelty and almost of discovery, it is only the dullards who take them as a matter of course. The narrow streets of this forlorn old town, with its pent-house roofs and gables, its massive walls, still stubbornly resisting the attacks of time, its ancient gateway with its toothless portcullis menacing the unconscious passer-by, were delightful to the eye of their latest visitor. The silence of the place, unbroken save by the chatter of the jack-daws about the grey church-steeple, and the distant lap of the sea, filled her with an irrepressible calm. To most minds under similar circumstances such a scene would have been merely an enlargement of the experience, and would have afforded an excuse for the purchase of local photographs or a topic for dinner-table conversation. With Elizabeth Dart it went far deeper. She pictured to herself the countless generations of her own race, who had inhabited these old-world houses and trodden this historic ground. She speculated upon the lives of those who still dwelt there, so peaceful, so secluded, so out of the region in which her own lot had been cast. The traveller sees fifty such places and has something to say of each—the date of its foundation, the proportions of its church, including the height of its tower, and the genealogy of the Lords of the Manor. This one was sufficient for her, and she learnt more from it than he, though she had not the advantage of his information. No matter how exceptional may be the circumstances of his position, the traveller never forgets himself, and expects his reader to be interested in how he slept and what he had for breakfast; as Elizabeth Dart trod the grass-grown streets of this slumbrous town she was unconscious of her own existence, which was merged and lost in that of a hundred generations.

The hill of which she was in quest stood farther off than she had anticipated, though scarcely at such a distance as was



indicated by the term "abroad," which Janet had used. Though it had seemed to tower above her very window, it was in fact more than half a mile away. It was visible enough so soon as she had cleared the town: which was fortunate, as not a human being did she meet of whom to ask the way.

This solitude intensified the solemnity of the scene. It might have been some morning after the Danes had landed, as they often had done on that coast, and slain every mother's son in the little town.

From this hill how many times must those thrice accursed sails have been descried and the note of alarm have been sounded. The Loomp, or Lump, as Janet had called it, was certainly of peculiar formation; it resembled in shape a quatern loaf, as though the upper part had been superimposed upon the lower; but while that homely metaphor at once intruded upon the spectator's mind, it was without prejudice to the picturesqueness of the object in question. From base to summit it was well covered with turf, but of two different kinds—that of the lower half being the short close turf of the downs, that of the upper of a longer and softer kind, plentifully mingled with moss. It was bare of trees except for those few firs upon its apex, which the sea-winds, unable to bend or break, had forced to lean landward. The view from this spot was magnificent and very various. On the north lay the great range of high downland, betraying, where it trended to the west, its old seaboard position. Though the sea was three miles removed, the evidence of its former presence was evident in the waterworn and overhanging cliff. On the east nestled Casterton, as though secure in the vigilance of its giant sentinel. To the south was the grey far-stretching sea, lit up here and there by a gleam of sunlight, and flecked by a white sail or red; on the west, stretched the vast low-lying marsh, which has been already adverted to, with its far-apart church towers and farms.

"A goodly property, is it not, Miss Dart?" exclaimed a voice close beside her.

The governess started, and almost screamed; she was fairly frightened; it had seemed to her that she was the only person just then alive in the world, and even that world had not been the ordinary and everyday working one.

"You have been dreaming," said Roger Leyden, for he it was; "a very proper thing to do upon Battle Hill. I do it myself."

"But how did you come here?" inquired Miss Dart. "I did not see a soul upon the road, nor was anyone within sight as I looked around me."

"I was here before you (it is my custom to come here most mornings), and was hidden from you by the tumulus."

"The tumulus!"

"Ah, you cannot see one," he replied, contemptuously; "unless there is something like a barrow, as our earth-worms term it, you cannot conceive that you are treading on the bones of captains and of kings. There has been no barrow here, except wheelbarrows—of which I have seen fifty at a time, when Lord Destray ordered the excavations to be made—from first to last. When a man is buried, we put him in a grave, with a mound at top of it; but when a thousand men are buried—dead of the plague, for instance—they are thrown into a pit; when they are murderers, ravishers, Danes, hateful to sight and memory, whom for once you have gotten the better of, and exterminated, can you not understand that a whole hill piled upon them is not too much. That is what happened here."

"Their bones, then, have been found?"

"No, I am thankful to say, they have not been found. The earthworms have their theories, and my Lord Destray acted on them. At such and such a depth he was told such and such objects would be discovered: the sword, the arrow—with which the long-perished Dead hoped to begin life anew in the other world; the drinking-cup, out of which he would quaff mead in the halls of Odin; the body itself, in a sitting posture, with an axehead of stone or a bronze dagger beside it. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the forecasts of the experts, down to the minutest detail; only, nothing whatever rewarded the explorers."

"That must have been a great disappointment to them," said Miss Dart. She was conscious that the reply would fall short of expectation; but her tongue, ordinarily ready enough for the occasion, somehow seemed to fail her. The old man beside her had spoken with a vehemence and disdain which were incomprehensible to her; she felt that he was moved by considerations in which she had no share.

"Disappointment!" he echoed, scornfully. "Yes; they were baffled, as such fools deserve to be."

He bit his lip, and looked round him with an angry air.

"How is it that the grass here is so soft and fresh, Mr. Leyden, and that on the lower part of the hill so short?"

"You have an observant eye," he answered, regarding her with keen scrutiny. The soil above is rich; even your chemist knows the virtue of blood and bone. The soil below—well, that is rich too, perhaps, but after another fashion. It's a sore subject; don't let's talk about it." Then he went on, more gently, "I've frightened you again. You must not mind me, my dear young lady. Prophets are of no account in their own country, and nobody does mind me hereabouts."

"That is surely a little ungrateful, Mr. Leyden, since I know some of your neighbours, at least, who regard you with both respect and affection."

"Your hostess and her son—true. It was not because I had forgotten them that I spoke as I did. The world is divided for me into men, women, and Meyricks. It is only the last with whom I have any concern."

"Miss Mary Melburn would scarcely like to hear me repeat that, I think."

"Pooh, pooh! She would not believe you if you did. Indeed, I would not have you yourself, Miss Dart, set me down altogether as an ogre. Only when certain matters come into my mind, they make me misanthropical. To think that that good woman yonder"—he pointed in the direction of the Look-out, where the painted windows at the rear of the pavilion were reddening in the sun—"should have to pinch and save for want of what could be so certainly obtained, if some folks had only a little faith! To see that poor boy pine and dwindle because the skill is dear which could make him, I am persuaded, like other men; and to know that one has only to stretch out one's hand!—Bah! it makes me mad to think of it! Forgive me," he added, abruptly. "Inadvertently, you touched a chord in this old-fashioned, out-of-gear instrument, and have produced harshness, caterwauling. You seem to like the old hill?"

"I admire it above everything. I have never seen any prospect half so glorious. It seems to me that to live at Casterton, amid such scenes and associations, must be one of the highest privileges within the gift of Fortune." She spoke with flushed cheeks and earnest eyes; it was plain that she was paying no compliments.

"Yet people come and call it an interesting place to spend a few hours in. They come here, even, and say, 'What a great hill!' They have eyes, but they have no souls; that's what is the matter with them."

"Janet calls it the 'Loomp,'" said Miss Dart, smiling.

"So they all do, hereabouts. The strangers are no worse than our neighbours. Familiarity breeds contempt."

"But not with you, it seems."

"No, not with me," sighed the old man. "In a few short years this neglected voice will be dumb; and then there will be none—no, not one, to point the road."

His chin sank upon his breast; his eyes were fixed on the ground, which with his foot he feebly stirred. As he did so, he seemed, Antæus-like, to gather strength; for presently he raised his head, and exclaimed, in loud, sonorous tones, "And yet it is not lost, but only hidden. Before yonder sea gives up its treasures, this one surely shall be found. Such waste of wealth cannot go on for ever. Centuries hence it will be found; but in the meantime the good will lack, the young decay. Heaven's will be done!" He raised his hat, and the wind scattered his grey hairs about his head; his face presented a picture of quiet resignation. "Come," he said, rousing himself with an effort, "they will be waiting breakfast for you at the Mayor's House" (he always called it by its old name, and never the "Look-out"). "I must not teach you to dream; that is only fit for an old man like me. You are a waker, and will wake to some purpose, or I am much mistaken. Let us go down."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CRITICISM.

When Miss Dart returned to the Look-out she found the family already assembled at the breakfast-table. When they heard who had been the companion of her morning's walk the two young people did not spare their insinuations.

"You met by appointment, of course," said Mary, confidently.

"It was made last night," observed Matthew. "I heard the dear old gentleman say he would be her cicerone."

"It was remiss in Aunt Louisa not to have offered to be her chaperon," remarked Mary.

"What nonsense," put in Mrs. Meyrick, reproachfully. "We all know that Mr. Leyden always is on Battle Hill five mornings out of six."

"Just so, dear aunt," said Mary, sweetly, "and no doubt Lizzie was aware of the fact; that is what we think so indiscreet in her conduct."

The badinage of the cousins pleased Miss Dart, since it was a sure sign of their being at ease with her.

"I only do not confess that I have fallen in love with Mr. Leyden," she said, boldly, "because if I did you would tell him."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Matthew, clapping his hands. "This is as it should be."

"Well, of course I knew it would be so," said Mary. "Now tell us all about it, Lizzie. I mean what you can tell us. Did he cast your horoscope last night, and predict your future fortune for you?"

"You don't mean to say Mr. Leyden is an astrologer?"

"At all events," persisted Mary, "he is a firm believer in the conjunction of the stars. Everything of importance he undertakes is done under a certain position of the heavens, as he terms it. Over his door are three serpents with their tails in their mouths."

"My dear Mary," interposed Matthew, "the serpents have nothing to do with astrology; they symbolise eternity—the time it took to make that poor old castle of his habitable."

"My dear Matthew," observed Mrs. Meyrick, gravely, "you are confusing Miss Dart."

"Which was unnecessary," murmured Mary, "since she looked so much confused upon another account."

In this rillery of Mary's, Miss Dart did not fail to recognise and welcome a novel condition of mind. At Burrow Hall she had shown no disposition for such mirth; the high spirits of youth had been oppressed and kept under by a very Battle Hill of care.

"Seriously, Lizzie," she continued, "did not our dear old friend say some things that astonished you?"

"Well, yes, he did; but it was rather his manner than his words that astonished me—the excitement and irritation which he seemed to labour under when mention was made of certain subjects."

"The treasure! You don't mean to say he got upon the treasure?" cried Matthew. "He rarely mentions that even to us, and never to strangers."

"Strangers?" put in Mary, with demure reproach; "as if he considered Miss Dart a stranger."

"He really did hint something about wasted wealth—some recommendation of his that had been discredited."

"Then you must be in great favour with him, Miss Dart, I promise you," said Mrs. Meyrick, smiling.

"I am very, very jealous!" exclaimed Mary; "Mr. Leyden has not spoken to me upon that sacred subject for years."

"But what is the subject?" inquired Miss Dart, with interest.

"Well," said Matthew, "you must know, or rather you do know, for Mary tells me you know everything, that it was at this spot that the Saxons, under Egbert, or at all events during his reign, defeated the Danes. While employed in their usual occupation of plunder and pillage, they left their fleet at Casterton insufficiently guarded, and the Saxons destroyed it. After the Danes had had an exceptionally good time, and sacked the churches of London and Canterbury—please note that fact—they came down here with their plunder to take it back to Denmark, and found no means of transport. Improvident persons are often accused of burning their boats, but in this case it had been done for them. In the meantime, Egbert gathered together his forces; the whole district rose against the invaders, and, for the first time, they found themselves on the defensive. The chronicles affirm that they gave battle to the Saxons outside the town, and were not only defeated, but exterminated. All beyond this is conjecture, but the theory is, that before the catastrophe, they buried their ill-gotten treasure. It is tolerably certain that it was never found, since Mother Church, who had a keen eye for her possessions even in those days, had to put up with her loss, and the shrine of Canterbury, which had been for years the richest in England, remained for centuries one of the poorest. Now, it is Roger Leyden's contention, that because Battle Hill was obviously the most convenient spot to hide it, in readiness for embarkation in case the invaders had been victorious, or one of them had survived to fetch it, that the treasure lies there. His view is that the Saxons buried the enemy in thousands where they lay, heaping up on them—partly from the necessity of the case, but chiefly as a record of triumph—the largest sepulchral mound which was ever seen, and that with every spadeful they hid what was their own, and made it more difficult to recover it."

"When the excavations took place, many years back, by the order of the late Lord Destray, Mr. Leyden laid his views before his Lordship. 'You will not find any relics of the slain,' he said, 'at the usual depths for such discoveries, you will have to dig much deeper.' So far he was right; only, since no bones were found, his Lordship, who

found the job, even as matters were, very expensive, declined to believe in their existence. A good many people are of his opinion, and, indeed, the place is more often called 'The Lump,' than with any reference to the historical incident which is supposed to have taken place there. As to digging through the upper part of the great hill, and then through the lower, it is hardly to be expected that anyone who has the money would be sanguine enough to do so at the recommendation of an enthusiast such as our friend. The present Lord Destray is in embarrassed circumstances, and the last man likely to undertake such an enterprise; so in all probability the truth of the matter will never be ascertained. In the meantime one feels thankful that dear Roger Leyden has not ten thousand pounds of his own, since he would infallibly spend it all in buying Battle Hill and excavating it."

"Still, Mr. Leyden may be right," observed Miss Dart, thoughtfully.

"Now, this is very serious," observed Matthew. "It is bad enough to have a fanatic next door, but that we should find a convert under our own roof is terrible to contemplate."

"I only said, 'May be right,'" remonstrated Miss Dart.

"That is the first step, the next is 'must be right,' the third is taking spades on starlit nights (with a large sack to hold the treasure-trove) and digging upon Battle Hill with Mr. Leyden. I can see them at it, my dear mother!"

"For shame, Matthew," said Mrs. Meyrick, reprovingly, "you know you cannot see anything of the kind. I am glad to say you will not be worried any more by my son, Miss Dart, for the next few hours, for it is the children's morning."

As her hostess rose from the table, Miss Dart postponed her natural desire to learn what "the children's morning" might mean for a better opportunity; but when she found herself alone with Mary, with whom, though she could scarcely be called her governess, it was arranged that certain improving works should be read and discussed daily, she put the question with no little interest.

"The fact is," said Mary, with a flush of tender pleasure, "that poor Matthew, though so ill and seldom free from pain, has a horror of being what he calls a mere cause of trouble and anxiety to others without being any good in the world. So three times a week he receives detachments of poor children, to whom he reads and plays. It is the only education some of them ever get, and never was schooling half so welcome. The little folks of Casterton adore him, and he takes no less pleasure in their society than they in his."

"How I should like to see them together," said Miss Dart.

"That I am afraid can never be; the introduction of a grown-up person, he affirms, at once destroys their enjoyment, though with him they are as natural and as much at their ease as though he were their own age. I wonder whether it would annoy him if I were to show you a little poem he made upon them. To me it is simply charming; but if you do not like it, please don't let him know that you have seen it. He is very sensitive, poor fellow, to every breath of censure. I am quite thankful to think that circumstances prevent the dearest wish of his heart being indulged—i.e., the publication of his poems—lest criticism should kill him, as it killed Keats."

"Let us say, as it was fabled to have done so," said Miss Dart, with a touch of professional manner. "If I am favoured with a sight of these verses, which I should extremely like to see, I promise you that nothing I shall say of them will kill your cousin."

Mary produced from her desk a little roll of MSS.; they were beautifully written out in her own handwriting and tied together with a slender chain of hair, of the same colour as her own. Miss Dart could not help reflecting how sacred would these poor mementoes become to their possessor should anything happen to the author of them. "I feel it is a breach of confidence," murmured Mary, remorsefully; "and yet I am sure he would so value your opinion."

An observation which, being paraphrased, thought Miss Dart, would run thus, "And yet it would be so sweet to find that you shared my admiration of his talents." The poem which Mary put into her hand was called "The Children."

To grown-up beauty men are fond  
Of singing frequent praises;  
Alike they laud brunette and blonde  
With pretty high-flown phrases.  
To me, though such ripe loveliness  
No doubt is far the rarest,  
Of all things fair, I must confess,  
The children seem the fairest.

The children with their happy looks,  
Their little joys and sorrows,  
Their frank delight in picture-books,  
Their wealth of bright to-morrows—  
What heart but in their tiny hands  
Is soft as wax for moulding?  
What eye that sees their elfin bands  
But joys in the beholding?

Would those kind powers that dispense  
Aladdin gifts befriend me,  
No thorn crown of pre-eminence,  
In letters they should send me;  
Only the skill to wake delight,  
Like some old story-teller,  
That for the darlings I might write,  
Such tales as Cinderella!

No bland reviewer's suavity,  
Of eulogy I'd covet,  
They, with their eager gravity,  
Should read my book and love it,  
And they should come about my chair,  
Their fondness all my glory,  
And climb my knees, and pull my hair  
And thank me for my story.

To them when summer-time was bright,  
Among the cowslip meadows,  
Or round the winter fire at night,  
While rose and fell the shadows—  
Their faces all towards me bent,  
Their eyes with pleasure glistening,  
Their cheeks aglow with wonderment,  
And all intently listening.

Would I discourse of gallant knights,  
Their triumphs and distresses;  
Of giant foes and tourney fights,  
And beautiful Princesses;  
Of wide enchanted wanderings,  
In distant tropic prairies;  
Of fairies, and all fairy things,  
To these that are my fancies.

And when in far-off after days  
My tales should all be over,  
Though no rich canon of praise  
My memory shall cover;  
In some few hearts my name should wake,  
A touch of old affection;  
(And kind remembrance for the sake  
Of early recollection.)

Miss Dart read it over to herself with great attention, while Mary watched her with glistening eyes.

"How do you like it? I do hope you like it, Lizzie?" she said, earnestly.

"I think it most tender and touching."

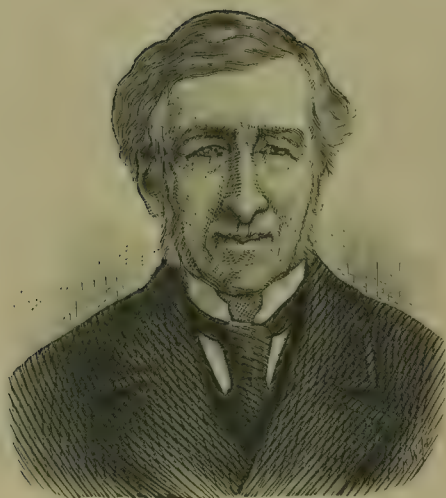
"Oh, I am so glad; and then you are such a good judge, too."

"I am not at all sure of that; but I have read a good deal of poetry, and have at least some sense of proportion. I



The Queen has sent, through Captain Walter Campbell, the Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, one hundred rabbits to Superintendent Hayes, of the Royal Borough Police, for distribution among the poor of Windsor.





SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BART.—WARRINGTON.

Born 1806, son of Mr. E. Greenall, of Wilderspool, Cheshire; is a brewer and glass manufacturer at Warrington; a county magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant; was High Sheriff of Cheshire, 1872, was M.P. from 1847 to 1868, and 1874 to 1880.



MR. DAVID SMITH—BRIGHTON.

Born in London; in business as merchant; is an Alderman and magistrate of Brighton, and was Mayor of that town in 1881; elected on the Conservative side by 7000 votes, in conjunction with Mr. W. T. Marriott, Q.C., late Judge Advocate-General.



MR. J. D. WESTON—BRISTOL.

Born at Bristol, 1822; educated at the Bishop's College, Clifton; an iron merchant; owner of large ironworks in South Wales and Staffordshire; chairman of Patent Nut and Bolt Company, Bristol Wagon Works, and Great Western Cotton Works; Mayor of Bristol four years.



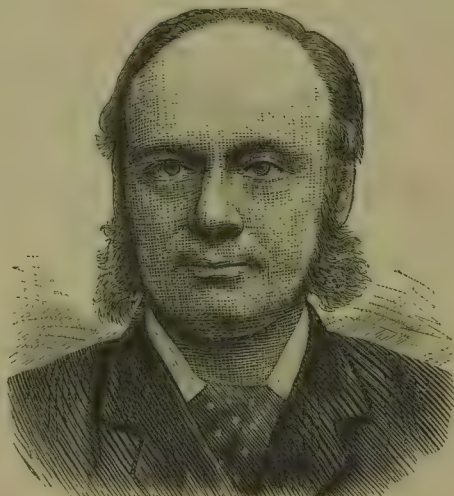
MR. H. P. COBB—RUGBY.

Born 1835, son of late Mr. Timothy Rhodes Cobb, banker, of Banbury; was educated at Hove House, Brighton, and University College, London, and graduated at London University, taking honours in mathematics; is elected for Rugby Division of Warwickshire.



SIR J. MOWBRAY—OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Born 1815, son of Mr. Robert Cornish, of Exeter; educated at Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford; was barrister on Western Circuit; took the name of Mowbray on his marriage; was M.P. for Durham 1853 to 1868, and Judge Advocate-General.



MR. T. B. ROYDEN—LIVERPOOL.

Born 1832; educated at Liverpool College; member of Liverpool Town Council since 1873; Mayor of Liverpool 1879; magistrate for Liverpool; member of the Royal Commission on the Tonnage of Ships, and of the Load-line Committee.



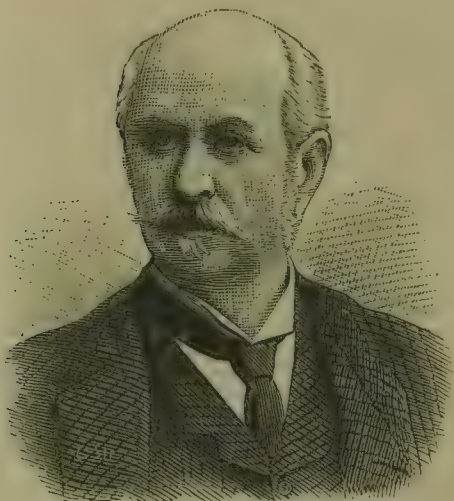
MR. W. TIPPING—STOCKPORT.

Born at Liverpool, 1816; resides at Brasted Park, Kent, and is a magistrate for three counties; was M.P. for Stockport (Conservative) from 1868 to 1874; is a director of London and North-Western Railway Company. Mr. L. Jennings, a literary man, is also M.P. for Stockport.



MR. W. S. SHIRLEY—DONCASTER.

Mr. Walter Shirley, born 1851, son of Mr. W. E. Shirley, Town Clerk of Doncaster; was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford; graduated with honours in 1875; was called to the Bar next year; and practises on the North-Eastern Circuit.



MR. J. W. JOHNS—NUNEATON.

Mr. Jasper Johns, born 1824, in Cardiganshire, is an architect and engineer in London, and is a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of Merionethshire; has been elected for the Nuneaton or North-Eastern Division of Warwickshire.



MR. E. S. NORRIS—LIMEHOUSE.

Born 1832; was of the firm Norris and Co., leather manufacturers, Shadwell; deputy chairman Southampton Dock Company; treasurer Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum and East London Children's Hospital; late Captain Commandant 2nd Sussex Volunteer Artillery.



MR. J. WATSON—SHREWSBURY.

Born 1817, son of late Mr. James Watson, of Edgbaston, Birmingham; is a magistrate for the counties of Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire; purchased Berwick Hall, Shrewsbury, in 1875, from the Hon. H. W. Poywys.



COLONEL G. SALIS-SCHWABE—S.E. LANCASHIRE.

Born 1843, son of the late Mr. Salis-Schwabe, calico-printer, of Manchester, and of Rhodes, Middleton; educated at University College, London; Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, commanding 16th Lancers; was Brigade-Major of Cavalry, and on special service in Zulu War.



MR. O. V. MORGAN—BATTERSEA.

Mr. Octavius Vaughan Morgan, born 1837, in Brecknockshire; is partner in the Crucible Company, Battersea, and with his brothers in a mercantile and banking business in Cannon-street, City; is a magistrate for Surrey.



MR. G. A. PILKINGTON—SOUTHPORT.

Born at Upwell, Cambridgeshire, 1848, son of Mr. R. G. Coombe, of Burnham, Essex; was educated privately, and at Guy's Hospital, for the medical profession; took name of Pilkington on his marriage, 1876; was Mayor of Southport last year.



MR. C. C. LACAITA—DUNDEE.

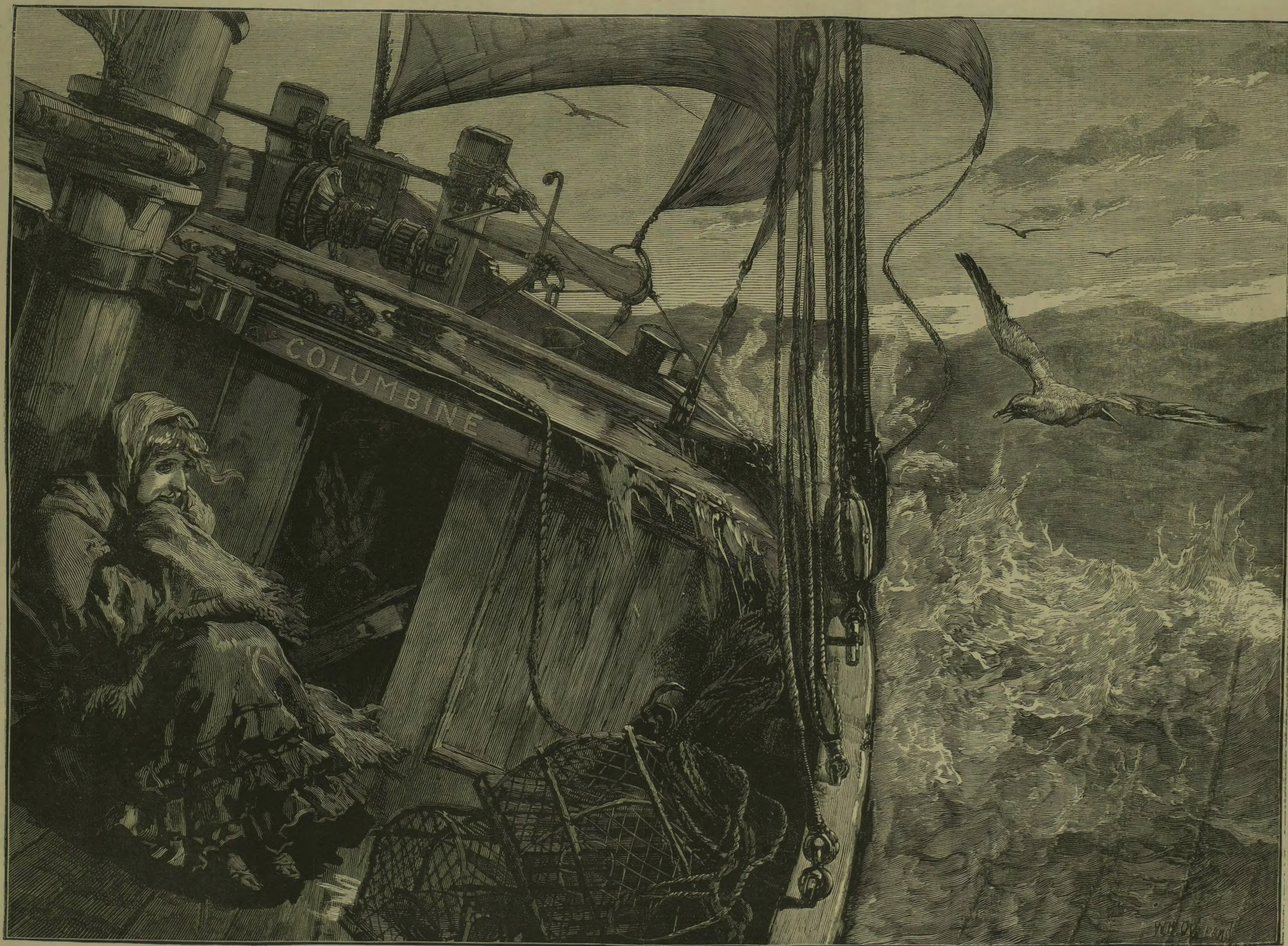
Mr. Charles Carmichael Lacaita, son of the late Sir James Lacaita, K.C.M.G., a Neapolitan gentleman in the British Government service (naturalised); was educated at Eton and at Oxford; gained first class honours; was private secretary to Earl Granville.



MR. J. MACDONALD-CAMERON—WICK.

Born 1847; was in Inland Revenue Department; studied at Royal School of Mines; gained first class prize in chemistry; was Assistant in Laboratory at Somerset House, instructor at Royal School of Mines; is in business as assayer and mining explorer.





THE CASTAWAY SMACK COLUMBINE: ELIZABETH MOUAT LASHED TO THE DECK.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 12, 1880) of the Right Hon. Charles, Viscount Halifax, P.C., G.C.B., late of Hickleton, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 8 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry by the Right Hon. Charles Lindley, Viscount Halifax, the son, and the Hon. Charles Dundas, the son-in-law, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to over £55,000. In exercise of the powers of appointment given to him by settlement and of all other powers, the testator gives and devises all his estates in the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and all his property, real and personal, of every description, to his wife, and, in the event of her death in his lifetime, to his eldest son, Charles Lindley.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1880) of the Right Hon. Charles John, Baron Teignmouth, LL.D., D.C.L., J.P., D.L., late of No. 33, Palmerston-place, Edinburgh, and of Langton Hall, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by the Bishop of Ely and the Right Hon. Charles John, Lord Teignmouth, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Caroline, Baroness Teignmouth, £500 and certain plate and plated articles, and he confirms the settlement made by him securing to her £700 per annum out of certain of his Yorkshire estates; he also bequeaths some plate to his son the Hon. Henry Noel Shore. All his manors, messuages, lands, hereditaments, and real estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, he devises to his son Charles John, and the heirs male of his body. Portions are provided for his younger children, and the residue of the personalty he gives to his said son Charles John.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1860) of Mr. Frederick William Thomas Vernon Wentworth, late of Wentworth Castle, in the county of York; of Connaught-place, Hyde Park; and of Castle Down House, Hastings, who died on Sept. 12 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on the 9th ult. by Thomas Frederick Charles Vernon Wentworth, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £961,000. The testator leaves his mansion-house in Connaught-place, all his household furniture and effects at the said mansion-house, and his horses and carriages there and at Wentworth Castle to his wife, Lady Augusta Frederica Louisa Frances Wentworth; and he confirms the transfers to her of certain stocks and moneys. The plate at his several mansions he bequeaths to his wife, for life, and then to his son, Thomas Frederick Charles Vernon; £5000 to his daughter Louisa Mary Henrietta, and £30,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children or issue, as she shall appoint; £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Henrietta Frances Elizabeth Thelluson; £500 to his son-in-law, Arthur Bethell Thelluson; and legacies to his domestic servants. All his manors and real estate in the counties of York, Hants, and Suffolk, and the residue of his real estate in England and Scotland he devises to his said son, absolutely, and he also gives him the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1878) of Mr. David Cox, painter in water colours, late of Chester House, Mount Ephraim-road, Streatham, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Eliza Cox, the widow, and the Rev. William Scott, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, effects, pictures and drawings to his wife, for life, and then to his three daughters, Frances, Hannah, and Emily; and he recommends his daughters, but so as not to create a trust, to give the portrait of his father, David Cox, by Sir William Boxall, to the National Portrait Gallery; and legacies to relatives and to his executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife and three daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Fuidge, formerly of The Lodge, Chittle, Dorsetshire, but late of No. 27, Lexham-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by William Fuidge, J.P., the brother, and Mrs. Fanny Martha Castleman and Miss Edith Ellen Elizabeth Fuidge, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths £200, all his furniture, plate, effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £700 to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Fuidge; £1000 to his daughter Edith Ellen Elizabeth; £500 to his daughter Mrs. Mary Isabella Ann Crowdy; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said three daughters.

The will (dated May 8, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 11, 1834), of Mr. George Redford, late of Portland-street, Southport, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on the 4th ult. by William Redford Halkyard and John James Cockshott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator bequeaths £1200 to the said William Redford Halkyard; £500 each to Henry Halkyard and Maria Fawsitt; £200 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Rhodes, all free of legacy duty; and the residue of the proceeds of the sale of his real and personal estate, after payment of his debts, funeral and

testamentary expenses, to the Southport Infirmary, the Oldham Infirmary, and the Southport Convalescent Hospital, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 4, 1877), with a codicil (dated Dec. 21, 1832), of Mr. Stephen Barker Guion, J.P., founder of the Guion line of steamers to America, late of Devonshire-road, Liverpool, who died on Dec. 19 last, has been proved under a nominal sum, at the Liverpool District Registry, by John Alfred Marsh, the executor. The testator leaves all his property to, or upon trust for, his sisters, Miss Caroline Guion and Mrs. Sarah Waterman Marsh.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Sir Alexander Reid, Bart., late of No. 49, Hereford-street, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 7 last, a widower without child, and intestate, were granted on the 13th ult. to Mrs. Agnes Lowther Crofton, the niece, and one of the persons entitled in distribution to his personal estate.

## NEW BOOKS.

A body of the choicest literature is being gradually formed in the Parchment Library, and the latest volume of the series is by no means the least attractive. *Letters and Journals of Jonathan Swift*, selected and edited, with a commentary and notes, by Stanley Lane-Poole (Kegan Paul), includes a portion of the famous "Journal to Stella," in which the Dean of St. Patrick gossips with inimitable freedom and vivacity. The "Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels" give the reader a stronger impression of Swift's powerful genius; but in the "Journal" we see the character of the man; or, at least, as much of it as he chose to reveal. In one respect, he is the most outspoken of writers; in another, the most reticent; and the mystery that surrounds Swift's life has never been satisfactorily explained. In spite of the defence urged of late for Swift's conduct to Miss Johnson and to Miss Vanhomrigh we cannot but think that in both cases he was utterly inexcusable. Such relations with two beautiful young women as Swift tried to maintain, must inevitably end in failure. By his conduct, he wrecked the happiness of "Stella," and brought "Vanessa" to her grave; and the blot upon his memory is indelible. On the other hand, his melancholy and cynicism have no little excuse in the disease that tortured his life. Mr. Lane-Poole has, on the whole, done his work with judgment; but in a book that claims a place upon the shelves of the library, the allusions to his critics in the preface might well have been spared. They have only a passing interest; and for the larger number of Swift's readers, not even that. We may add, that the editor has been at the pains to discover the exact date of Stella's birth. She was born, according to the New Style, in March, 1681.

Every reader in the present day is also a world-wide traveller, by the help of books, at least, if not by steamer and train. It is inevitable, therefore, that the broad thoroughfares of travel should be familiar; and although Mrs. Howard Vincent is a pleasant and lively writer, her *Forty Thousand Miles Over Land and Water*, 2 vols. (Sampson Low), cannot boast the advantage of novelty. Have we not all been, in spirit at least, if not in the flesh, to the United States and Canada? Have we not seen the wonders of Colorado and of the Yosemite Valley, shaken hands with the President in the White House at Washington, and theorised on the evils of polygamy at Utah? Our great Empire in the East, too, is by no means virgin soil for the writer of travels. If there is not exactly originality in the author's remarks upon the sights and institutions of the States, there is what is quite as agreeable—geniality and freshness. Her impression of San Francisco was not fortunate; nor has she much to say, when en route for New Zealand and Australia, of the lovely coral islands of the Pacific, for the voyagers landed only at Honolulu. In New Zealand, they were not destined to escape the American plague of interviewing. It is interesting to read of the warm love of the old country felt by the colonists; and it would seem that in some of the appliances of civilisation they are in advance of us, for the telephone—at least, in Auckland—is in general use. Of the Hot Lake district, Mrs. Vincent writes with enthusiasm; and she thinks that, if properly known, and with the direct mail service now established between New Zealand and England, it might be made a resort for invalids, who would go out to enjoy the glory of the New Zealand summer, when the climate is perfection. "At that time of the year all the baths and waters in Europe are closed, and Wairakei and Ohinemutu ought to become, in time, the winter Ems or Spa. The long sea voyage of fifty days or so would be no drawback to many invalids." In the second volume Mrs. Vincent describes the Dutch rule in Java, and has much to say of British India. The scenes she describes may be familiar, but the impressions of a quick-sighted traveller, who sees them for the first time, cannot fail to interest every intelligent reader.

An institution which can boast an existence extending over four centuries deserves an historian; and Mr. Thomas Preston, in sketching the various vicissitudes of *The Yeomen of the Guard* (Harrison and Sons, Pall-mall), has accomplished his

task most creditably. Within very modest limits, he shows how the guard was first formed under Henry VII., at the time when the personal safety of the Monarch was a source of solicitude to the Government. The original duties of the guard, copied from the French Court, were thoroughly domestic; and, although they were from the first charged with "the safeguard and preservation" of the King's body, they had also to make his bed and smooth his pillow. They usually followed the Monarch on his peaceful journeys at home; but their only foreign service seems to have been on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, unless we count as such the presence of "six Yeomen Bed-hangers and two Yeomen Bed-goers" with King George II. in 1743, when he went to take command of the army in Hanover, and won the Battle of Dettingen. Mr. Preston gives some very curious details, culled from almost forgotten books, which give much amusing insight into Court life of by gone times, and he brings to bear upon many of these semi-apocryphal stories the criticism of an accomplished antiquarian. If Mr. Preston's book only serves to clear away the confusion which prevails with regard to Yeomen of the Guard, "Beef-eaters," and Tower Warders, and their respective functions, he will have performed a useful service to sight-seers and more seriously disposed readers. By the aid, moreover, of the very carefully executed drawings with which this little volume is illustrated, one gathers that the recent outcry about the abolition of a "time-honoured costume, dating from the days of Holbein," is one of those flights of imagination with which we become familiar when Parliament is at sitting. There is little reason to suppose that the so-called Henry VIII. costume is older than George IV., who took a great interest in dressing his body-guard at his coronation. As for the Tower Warders, to judge from the petitions they were constantly presenting to the Sovereign, it would seem not improbable that their first anxiety was to be clothed at all, not how their garments should be cut. But for enlightenment on those and many other equally important matters, we may refer the reader to Mr. Preston's excellent work, with full assurance that it will furnish him with every information.

We welcome with unfeigned pleasure a new edition of Mr. G. A. Sala's *Under the Sun* (Vizetelly and Co.), a volume of delightful essays, descriptive of some of the author's many wanderings in warm climates. After the first enjoyment of the easy but not careless style in which these papers are written, one cannot refrain from asking how they can have been composed. The period embraced by this volume cannot have extended over more than three years, at the utmost, yet in that time Mr. Sala saw Havana and Mexico in the enjoyment of an interval of peace, Morocco and Spain at war, and Italy in insurrection, and not only saw them, as hundreds of travellers do, but he describes them minutely and graphically, catches the tone of daily life, and rapidly photographs the leading characteristics of the people he has journeyed so far to see. The real charm of Mr. Sala's writings, apart from their easy, chatty style, lies in the prominence he gives to the scene and the chorus of the piece, when some great national drama is being played, leaving to duller historians to chronicle the doings of the "stars," and the political motives which may have determined their courses. Thus we learn far more from this volume of the real causes of Maximilian's fiasco in Mexico, and of Prim's success in Morocco, of the feeling of the Venetian people towards the Austrian soldiery, than from half a dozen elaborate essays on these incidents and their prime movers. We understand the reason of Victor Emanuel's success, because we are shown what is passing in the mind of Venetians of every degree; not because we are told State secrets, or have the intrigues of leading politicians revealed to us. Another charm of Mr. Sala's writing is its wealth, not of erudition, but happy allusion and far-extending reference. His memory is a vast store-house, from which he seems able at will to draw treasures of reading, which have not grown dry or "fusty" by keeping. In a word, we may say that, whether under the sun or by the fireside, this volume will prove a pleasant companion, in whose society time will pass only too quickly.

Young readers who have a turn for "fables and fancies" may perhaps gain some amusement from *The White Angel of the Polly Ann, and other Stories*, by J. Logie Robertson, M.A. (Blackwood and Sons). The author's object is "to combine mirth and moral," but we confess that, in our judgment, there is more moral than mirth. Wonderland does not yield up its treasures to all travellers, and while there is plenty of ability in these short stories, there is a want of any special charm likely to captivate children. In this we may be mistaken, and, for the writer's sake, it is to be hoped we are. To test the virtue of a book like this, it should be placed in the hands of an intelligent girl or boy. That test we have not tried; but if Mr. Robertson applies it with success, he need not concern himself as to the opinion of reviewers.

The Marquis of Lorne has accepted the office of Honorary Commissioner for Canada at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. His Lordship will also be president of the Canadian Commission, Lord Monck acting as vice-president.

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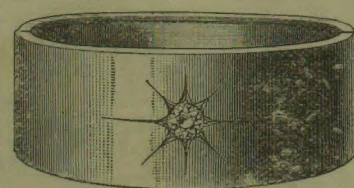
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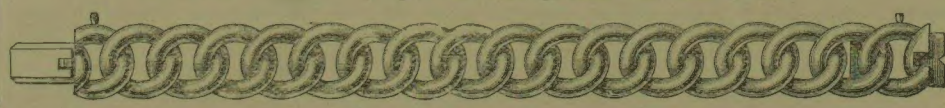
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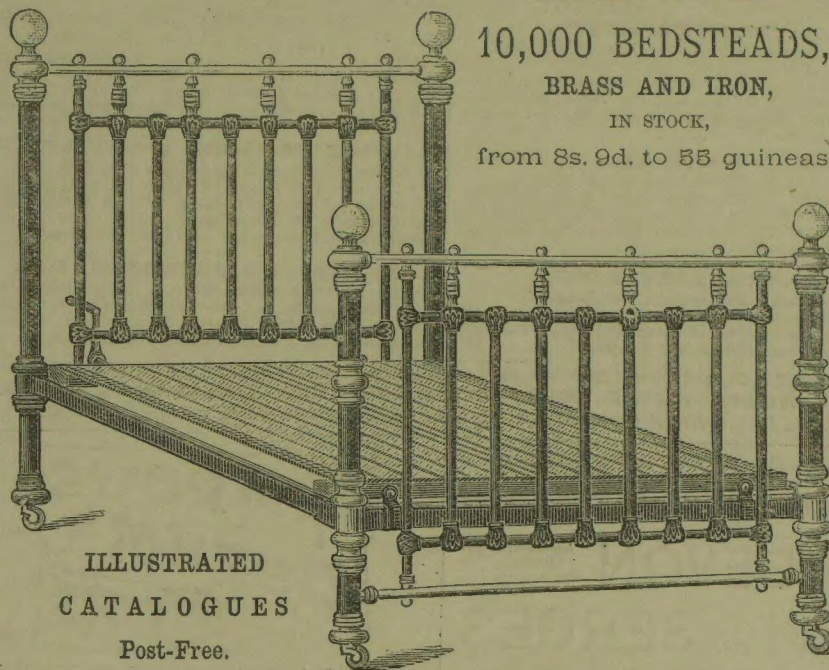
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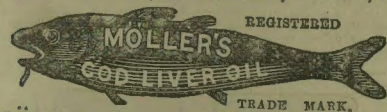
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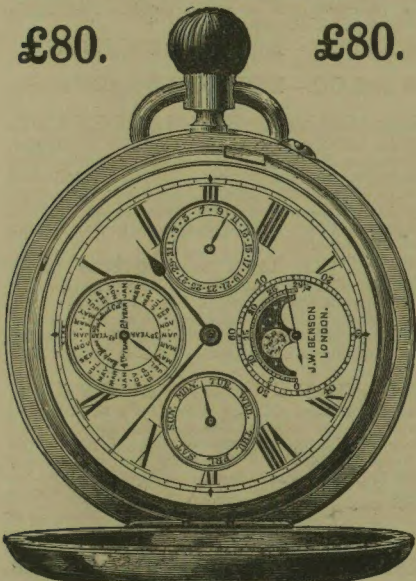
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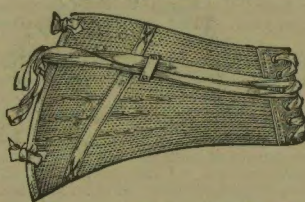
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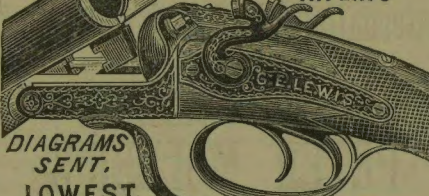
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